Senate Reading Room

MOOSE JAW TIMES.

VOL. VII.—NO. 24. MOOSE JAW, N. W. T., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1895. $1.50 PER ANNUM.

BUSINESS CARDS.

Under this head Business Cards not exceeding one inch, ten dollars per annum.

WM. GRAYSON, Barrister, Advocate, Conveyancer, Notary Public, Etc. Office Main St. Moose Jaw, N. W. T. Agent for the Canada Northwest Land Company, Limited, and the Trustees of Moose Jaw Town Site.

J. G. GORDON, Barrister, Advocate, etc. Agent for the Manitoba and North West Loan Co. Office, High St. Moose Jaw, N. W. T.

W. J. NELSON. Barrister, Advocate, Conveyancer. Room 10, Aberdeen House, River St. E., Moose Jaw.

T. C. JOHNSTONE, Barrister, Solicitor, Advocate, &c., Office: Cor. South Ry. & Rose Sts., Regina.

A. R. TURNBULL, M.D., C.M. Office in Bole's block, cor. Main and River streets.

DR. P. F. SIZE, L.D.S., M.R.C.D.S. Surgeon Dentist, Will visit Moose Jaw the 27th and 28th of each month. Satisfaction given both in workmanship and prices. Regina office open from 18 to 29 of each month.

H. McDOUGALL, Deputy Registrar Moose Jaw District, for Births, Marriages and Deaths.



I. O. F., Court Moose Jaw No. 509, holds its regular meeting in Annable Hall, on the last Tuesday in each month, at 8 o'clock p. m. Every member is requested to attend. Next regular meeting will be held on Tuesday, Dec. 24th. R. W. Timmins, C.R. C. L. Ross, R.S.

JNO. BRASS, **Tin & Sheet Iron Worker.** Crosbie Block, Main Street.

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Orders for Auction Sales or Bailiff's work left at office, Town Hall block, will receive prompt attention.

R-I-P-A-N-S. ONE GIVES RELIEF.

PLANING MILL.

Common lumber $20 00 per M, cord wood $6.00 per cord, slabs $4 50 per cord, Roche Percee coal $4.00 per ton at shed, chopped feed $1.00 per cwt. Prices of Storm Windows and Doors, Mouldings, Etc., on application. Encourage home industry by patronizing us as we manufacture everything in our line that can be made to advantage at home, thus keeping the money in our midst. Motto to bear in mind:—"Always leave cash with order."

E. Simpson & Co.

FOR WINES, LIQUORS & CIGARS,

The pick of the choicest brands selected from the markets of both hemispheres, also American Lager, Domestic Ale and Porter, Guinness's Stout, and Bass' Pale Ale, call on or write to

OCTAVIUS FIELD.

Terms Cash.

Store closes at 18 o'clock; take notice and govern yourselves accordingly.



A . . . Merry X'mas to all.

The season has arrived for X'MAS GIFTS. Santa has been in on the Q. T. looking over our holiday goods and decided that this is the place to load up as he finds such a good variety of presents suitable to all ages and tastes. For example we might mention a few lines.

SEE OUR CROCKERY

China cups and saucers—tea chocolate and coffee,—fruit plates, five o'clock tea setts, fruit salads, cake plates, fruit baskets, porridge setts—3 pieces, cup, saucer and plate setts, mugs, cream pitchers, cruets, etc., etc.

Silverware

Six pieces tea service, butter dishes, cruets, sugar bowls, fruit baskets, cake baskets, knives, forks, and spoons.

SILK GOODS

Handkerchiefs—pure silk, from 10 cents up, all styles, plain or fancy; silk mantle drapes, chair tidies, silk table covers, ladies' ties, gents' ties, Japanese silk, all colors, from 30 cents per yard up.

Fancy : : Novelties

Celluloid picture frames, allumium, imt. leather photo frames, whisk holders, pin cushions, table matts, mirrors, albums, fancy toilet setts, shaving setts, pianos, dolls and heaps of other things you must see to appreciate.

Take a look through our stock and you will be sure to see just what you want.

T. W. ROBINSON.

N.B.—In last price list an error occurred—7lb. Jam 35 cts. should be 2 lb.

Life-sized Portraits Given Away

AS A PREMIUM FOR CASH TRADE, according to the following conditions:—With every $10 worth of cash purchases at our store you will be entitled, free, to one elegant life sized CRAOTINT portrait, copied from any photo you may select, and finished in the most artistic manner, and of the same quality which commands, at retail $15. These Craotint portraits we positively guarantee are all made by the Merchant's Portrait Co., (Ltd.) 495 Queen St. W., Toronto, Ont. who are the originators of the Craotint portraits, and who in order to guard against inferior imitations of their celebrated productions, have copyrighted the name "CRAOTINT."

The reputation of this Company for portraiture of the highest excellence is unsurpassed, and in order to further advertise their work, and upon our agreeing to use their Craotint portraits exclusively in our business, they guarantee our customers not only as to the artistic merit of the work, but also the likeness and durability.

Their Work Will Please You, and it Will Last.

In order to see that their portraits are suitably and properly framed this Co. furnish their own frames and have made it conditional upon us that with each portrait we sell a frame, an assortment of which we shall keep at $3.50 each and upward, subject to your own selection as to style and quality. WE GIVE YOU THE PORTRAIT FREE. You pay for the frame only.

I. M. CHALMERS.

E. A. B·A·K·E·R & C·O.

Have just received their annual consignment of China, Steel and Graniteware, consisting of Toilet Sets, Tea and Coffee Pots, Fancy Cups and Saucers, Plates, Tumblers, and all kinds of Household Utensils. CALL AND SEE THEM.

COAL! COAL! COAL!

Our winter arrangements for the supply of the

CELEBRATED GALT COAL, BOTH NUT AND LUMP,

are completed and a large stock of both kinds is now on hand.

Threshers can get Rock Bottom prices on Oils, Belts, Lace Leather, and all sundries used by them. Our stock of Groceries, Flour & Feed, Hardware, Etc., Etc., Etc. is larger than ever and at prices to suit the times.

PENNSYLVANIA : COAL.

We are prepared to deliver this celebrated coal at

$11.50 PER TON.

To any part of the town for the coming year.

This is undoubtedly the best coal on the market.

All orders must be accompanied by the cash.

WILSON & McDONALD.

ROYAL SCALP FOOD,

Price $1.00

6 Bottles, $5.00 Exp. Pd.



ONE HONEST MAN AND BUT ONE RELIABLE HAIR FOOD. NO DYE.

We feed the Hair that which it lacks and nature restores the color.

THEORY.

Hair, Scalp Food draws the diseased germs of the scalp, a healthy action being set up. It contains the principal properties of the hair that are necessary to feed the roots of which it will not grow. It continues to supply the same as you do a field of corn and growth is certain. It invigorates the skin, with scalp, dandruff and diseases of the scalp are destroyed, which is the foundation of hair growth.

It is the ONLY remedy ever discovered that will restore the Life, Beauty and Natural Color to the hair of Bald Heads. Hair Grows Forty-Five Inches.

Sold by First Publishers, Druggists and Local Agents Wanted.

CURES BALDNESS, STOPS FALLING HAIR, CURES DANDRUFF, RESTORES FADED AND GRAY HAIR TO NATURAL COLOR AND VITALITY. PERFECTLY HARMLESS. WARRANTED. CLEAR AS WATER. NO SEDIMENT. NO LEAD, SULPHUR OR CHEMICALS.

ROYAL SCALP FOOD CO. Box 305, WINDSOR, ONT.

SLATER-POWELL.

Two Popular Young Towns-people United in Matrimony.

At nine o'clock on Wednesday evening last at the residence of Mrs. J. Gilmour, Ransom L. Slater, merchant tailor, of Moose Jaw, was united in marriage to Miss Florence A. Powell, also of Moose Jaw, by the Rev. Mr. Ferrier. Miss Ida Powell, sister of the bride, officiated as bridesmaid, while Mr. Samuel Armstrong performed the pleasing duties of groomsman.

After the wedding ceremony was over the happy couple entertained their many friends at an impromptu "at home" held at their future residence, Main street, north, formerly the residence of Mr. Hogle. During the course of the evening about one hundred of the residents called to pay their respects to Mr. and Mrs. Slater and wish them joy and happiness in life.

Mr Nelson in a short speech proposed the health of the young couple, which was drank with enthusiasm, the guests singing "They are jolly good fellows." And in truth they are, for each of them during their long residence in Moose Jaw have won the respect and esteem of every citizen.

The wedding presents were most numerous and some of them costly. In fact the drawing room was almost filled with evidences of the substantial well wishes of their many friends.

THE TIMES heartily joins in wishing Mr. and Mrs. Slater health, wealth and happiness.

Our Governor-General as a Curler.

On Thursday afternoon, at Regina, Lord Aberdeen skipped a rink made up of Scotchmen, in a match with a rink skipped by Regina's most noted curler, Mr. J. W. Smith. While His Excellency put up a good game, Mr. Smith proved too much for him.

The same afternoon the young people who happened to be present at the skating rink, were pleased to have skating with them Lady Marjory Gordon. We have not heard how many of the young men asked for "the pleasure of a skate."

Pringle's Presentation Company.

Pringle's Presentation Company, who have been playing to the capacity of the opera houses throughout Eastern Canada and Manitoba, and who come well spoken of by the press, will open a two night engagement in the town hall to-night. Besides giving a long, refined and highly amusing olio of specialities, with change each night, they will give away one hundred costly and handsome presents, consisting of silverware, chinaware, glassware, jewellery, watches provisions, etc., at each performance.

Of the company the Portage la Prairie *Review* says: "Pringle's Presentation company opened their engagement here on Thursday. The entertainment is worthy of patronage, the programme being varied, amusing and instructive. Each member of the company is good, and in addition a number of valuable presents were distributed among the audience. This feature is genuine, as some of the articles exceeded in value $20,00 and none were worthless."

The Literary and Debating Society.

The first annual meeting of this society was held in Russell Hall on Monday evening last, C. A. W. Stunt in the chair. The following officers were elected: President, C. A. W. Stunt; Vice President, Hugh McDougall; Secretary Treasurer, A. D. McLeod; Executive Committee, W. J. Nelson, A. M. Fenwick, W. W. Bole, Reg. A. McCaul, John Ruthertort, R. W. Timmins.

The club will meet again at same place on Friday evening, 13th inst., at 20 o'clock. Besides a literary and musical programme, the following question will be discussed: "Resolved, that it is desirable that the Parliament of Canada should forthwith pass a prohibitory liquor law."

Mr. W. J. Nelson was appointed leader of the affirmative and Mr. A. D. McLeod was assigned a similar position on the negative side. Each gentleman to have 25 minutes for their address with 5 minutes right of reply to the leader of the affirmative. Each leader to choose one supporter, who will be allowed 10 minutes each for debate, after which the debate becomes general. Each speaker to be allowed 5 minutes time.

All persons desirous of enrolling themselves as members are cordially invited to attend and aid the laudable aims of the club.

The executive committee meet to-night at 8 p.m. at Mr. Nelson's office.

Wesley Church X'mas Tree.

On Friday evening last the Wesley church, some eight miles north-west of the town was crowded with the scholars and friends of the Sunday school in connection therewith.

Between 7 and 8 o'clock an excellent supper was served. Next followed a musical and literary programme consisting of songs, readings and recitations, by the scholars. The programme is too long to give the names of the contributors. Suffice it to say that the selections were well rendered by one and all.

Mr. Rathwell occupied the chair and the Rev. Mr. Ferrier delivered a short address in which he shewed the school to be in a flourishing condition, numerically and financially. The church choir during the evening gave two or three selections which were well rendered and well received.

According to custom, two or three sleigh loads of town people drove out to aid the entertainment. Among them, Rev. Mr. Ferrier and Messrs. McCaul and Nelson contributed to the vocal, instrumental and literary portion of the programme, and Messrs. Timmins, Mitchell and McDivett contributed financially in order to avoid the assault and battery of Mrs. Beesley with her well-armed bags of candy. Nor were McCaul and Nelson excepted from her forced taxation.

As a result the proceeds of the entertainment amounted to $25.00.

The entertainment concluded with the distribution of gifts from the X'mas tree to the children. It was interesting as well as amusing to watch their eager anxious looks as each scholar's name was announced. Every child in the neighborhood, whether a member of the school or not, received some little gift from Santa Claus.

At a late hour the successful gathering closed with the pastor's benediction.

Royal Templars.

Never before in the history of the Templar order in the town was there such an assembly of Templars as congregated at the council chamber, Russell Hall, on Tuesday evening last.

Select Councillor Nelson occupied the chair, Mrs. Geo Barber the vice chair, and R. W. Timmins the Past Councillor's seat of honor. Every other officer was in his place, and almost every member answered to the roll call.

Bismark McLeod, Michael McDonald and Willie Bedford petitioned for membership and were balloted for and elected. The petitioners were notified to appear for initiation on Tuesday evening next. A travelling card was issued to Geo A. Porter.

It was decided to attend the Methodist church in a body at a time in the near future to be arranged by a committee with Rev Mr. Ferrier, to hear a sermon on Temperance, to be delivered by the reverend gentleman. The date will probably be the 15th instant.

The occasion of the large gathering was the semi-annual election of officers, and other general business was postponed on account of this event. J. E. Annable and C. D. J. Christie were appointed scrutineers.

The first contest was over the Select Councillorship. On the first ballot Select Councillor Nelson was re-elected by a large majority. This is the fifth time that gentleman has been elected to this office. Several ballots were taken before any member received a majority of the votes polled in regard to the next office,—that of Vice Councillor. Miss D. Bartell was at last elected. The following are the other officers elect: Chaplain, Rev. M. Robinson; Recording Secretary, Reg. A. McCaul; Financial Secretary, Mrs. E. A. Barber; Treasurer, Miss Mary Winn; Herald, W. N. Mitchell; Guard, Miss Katie Tarbay; Sentinel, John McDivett. Miss Jennie McCarter was appointed Deputy Herald, and Miss Louisa Hannah Assistant Secretary. R. W. Timmins was elected to the Board of Trustees, Mr. Enoch Colpitts retiring. The keenest rivalry, coupled with the best of good-fellowship, prevailed throughout the elections. The new set of officers, it is generally conceded, will give fresh impetus to this powerful temperance organization, and the council will continue to be, but with increased strength, the banner council of the North-West Territories.

Owing to the lateness of the hour, the continuance of the debate on the resolution "That wealth is productive of man's greatest enjoyment" was adjourned one week.

THE SHOWMAN'S GHOST.

Sign of the White Horse. A chalky quadruped with very stiff legs, and appar ently, if you might judge by the disturbed aspect of his mane and tail, under strong electric influences—that was the White Horse. He was woodenly electrified—if I may be allowed the phrase—on two inches of seagreen grass, and wedged very tightly into a sky of improbable blue. A slight warping of the board, due to climatic influences, had beheaded the White Horse, and the painter, as if in anticipation of that effect, had bestowed upon his countenance a backward look of feeble astonishment. Below the sign a low window, with a comfortable red blind in it. Behind the window a room, with sanded floor and sawdust-stored spittoons, and heavy tables with beery circles on them, and crossed clay pipes. About one of the tables half a dozen men, solemnly drinking and smoking, and telling ghost stories in broad daylight. The gentleman in the battered white hat and belcher tie was the proprietor of that light of nature the six-legged horse, and the employer and exhibitor of the spotted lady. The gentlemen in the fur cap, the rabbit-skin waistcoat, and the red handkerchief was the owner of the swing boats on the village green outside, as yet unpacked, and waiting for to-morrow's fair. The seedy man in seedy black, whose skin was so curiously loose about the region of his eyes, was a professional sword-swallower. The gentleman with the red nose and bibulous eye, wherein much beer had left unquenched the light of native humor, was sole owner of Bolko's unparalleled wax-work exhibition. The other two were showmen also, and recognisable anywhere.

Five listened whilst the red-nosed man with the bibulous eye talked.

'Th' only ghost as ever I knowed to haunt a showman was my brother Bill's own private an' particler property,' the red-nosed man was saying; 'he was in the wax-work line afore me, like his father afore him, my brother Bill was, but he had a misforchin as led to his retirement.'

'Ah!' said the man in the rabbit-skin waistcoat, 'what was that?'

'He died,' said the red-nosed man—'scarlet fever. Leicester. Buried in the parish churchyard. Well—afore he died, mind you—he had a ghost of his own, his pardner, Joseph Turk. Reg'lar after business hours, it was Joseph's habit to get as drunk as he knowed how to, and simultaneous, as a man might say, my brother took him home at closin' time. But one night, Bill he doesn't turn up. Joseph he starts alone, an' quite natural he falls into a clay-pit and kills hisself. Well, theer's a inquest, theer's Bill to give evidence, theer's a verdick, theer's a buryin', and you'd ha' thought as it was done with, wouldn't you? My brother Bill he was a soft-'arted feelin' sort o' man, an' he took on a good deal over his pardner's death. Sittin' by hisself on the night arter the buryin', thinkin' about poor Joseph, all of a sudden he feels a creepy sort of a chill come over him, an' his eyes is drored round like to one side, an' there he sees him, in a pair o' cord trousers an' a velvetin jacket an' a billycock 'at, with a yeller handkercher with blue spots on it round his neck, which was his reg'lar wear. Well, you might ha' knocked my brother Bill down with his father, he was that crumpled up at it. "Willy-um," says the ghost a-speakin' hoiler in his chest, like, "e'y didn't you fetch me 'ome," he says, "that fatal night?" My brother Bill says nothing, he was that knocked over. "Willy-um," says the ghost again, "it's my intent," he says, "for to haunt you reg'lar," he says "every night at twelve." And with that he varnishes. Well, he comes next night, an' next night, an' next night, and my brother Bill gets that weak an' skeered he didn't think he'd last long. So he comes to me an' he tells me all about it. "Why, Bill," I says, "it's a forchin for you." "What d'ye mean?" he says. "Why," I says, "exhibit him," I says, "to any scientific sperituallist as wants to see a real boner-fidy ghost," I says. "Theer's a mine o' money in it." Well, Bill he takes my advice, an' he might ha' died a Rothchile if Joseph hadn't took offence at it an' left off visitin' of him.

'I can see, Mr. Bolko,' said the seedy man in seedy black, 'that you're a sceptic.'

'A what?' asked the red-nosed man.

'An unbeliever,' said the other.

'Am I?' said the red-nosed man. 'P'raps I am.' He took up his pot and nodded round, 'My respec's, gentlemen.' Then, having emptied the vessel of its contents, he rose, and said with hoarse solemnity, 'Them as doubts my tale can doubt it. Maybe I have my doubts about it. Never mind. But there's a moral in it—which is this: If any showman has a ghost in the family as can at all be relied upon to turn up reg'arl, theer's a pot o' money in it. Good afternoon, gentlemen."

The sceptic departed and the five believers remained behind.

'Comin' back,' said the man in the rabbit-skin waistcoat, 'to wot we wos a-talkin' about—it's my belief, look you, as Sol Varley's haunted.'

The man in seedy black said that it stood to reason.

'Look 'ere,' said the rabbit-skin waistcoat. 'When did poor Sol begin to turn that pale an' queer? When did he begin to sit an' stare at nothin' for a hour at a time, an' talk when there was nobody to talk to? Why, when his gell died. When else? Why, not at all.'

'Of course not,' said the sword-swallower.

'An' as for them,' said the rabbit-skin waistcoat, 'as talks about a gell like that havin' bolted along of Sol's man Jim, why, it's madness, an't it? Now, I arsts anybody 'er: Would she ha' looked at Sol's man Jim? Would she ha' spoke a civil word to him 'cept as a young lady might? I put it to you, gents. Is it likely?' Nobody thought it likely in the least. 'Very well, then. If you wants wrong talk about a young woman, it's allays cheap enough in the purfession an' out of it. But to talk about a young lady like that boltin' with a cove like Sol's man Jim, and Sol pre tendin' of her to be dead, why it's enough to turn a man's drink hacid on his stomach to listen to it, ain't it?'

'Now, I'll tell you something,' said the man in the battered white hat. 'I've sat quiet an' I've heard all sides. I didn't say nothing while Bolko was 'ere, 'cause I don't want none of 'is chaff, which he's too ready with. Gentleman all, I've seen her.'

The four gathered near him with solemn faces.

'Last night as ever was, I seen her,' he said again. 'I was leadin' out the oss for exercise—near midnight it was—an' I parst round by Sol's waggin. An', strike me dead, but I seen her face, as white as chalk, a-lookin' in at Sol's winder, an' her glides down from it without so much as touchin' a foot on the ground, an' passes me with no more noise than a bat ud make. I ain't easy frightened, but I was frightened then. But I looked arter her an' seen her melt—reg'lar melt away.'

The man's face, voice, gesture, were enough to stamp his narrative with strong reality. His hearers looked from one to the other, awe-struck, and, in spite of the broad daylight, gathered closer. Before the word was spoken they drew their heads apart, and resumed their pipes and beer with a transparent effort to seem unconcerned.

Solomon Varley stood at the door looking with haggard eyes from face to face. His countenance was pale and drawn, and, though his lips moved, no sound came from them. He lurched a little, like a drunken man, and set his hand to his forehead. Next, looking vacantly about him, he turned away and sought the street. The five men arose and peered after him through the bow window.

'He an't long for this world', said one.

'Poor old Sol!'

'No,' said another. 'He's had his call, poor Sol has—evident.'

Solomon Varley crossed the Green slowly, with downward eyes and head, noticing no man, though most looks were turned to him with sympathy or curiosity. He reached the house on wheels, which, like himself, looked less prosperous and tidy than of old, though but two months had gone by since it shone in all the splendour of new paint, and Sol himself went upright and happy. Mrs. Varley sat there in a black dress, sewing, and looked up sadly but kindly as her husband entered. Sol closed the little door, and took down a nautical-looking jacket which hung behind it. From the pocket of this garment he drew a soiled letter, which he bore to the window and read over. It had no date, and was written in a sprawling hand.

'Sir,' it ran, 'this is written with great grief to tell you that your daughter is dead. Before she died she told me to rite to you; but I cannot rite, and a friend rites this for me. She told me to say that she found out befour it was too late that the man she ran away with was a villan, and left him. I am to say again, before it was too late. She would have come home to you, but she was ashaymed. She is dead, and she thought you would like to know it, because it would ease your mind.

'Yours truly,

'MARTHA WOOLLEY.

'P. S. She sent all love and blessings before she died. She praid you to forgive her, and praid for you night and day.'

The letter bore the Bristol post-mark, and had been delivered whilst Solomon was in that town. He had appealed to the police to discover the writer, and Martha Woolley was searched for but in vain. There was some comfort in the ill-spelled letter, bitter as it was, and that comfort Solomon laid to his sore heart every hour of the day, and thanked God for it.

'What is it, Sol dear?' said his wife, rising, and putting her brown arm about his neck. 'Don't brood over it my poor Sol, don't brood over it.'

Her eyes were thick with tears as she spoke, but she controlled them resolutely and would not let them fall.

'She's better off than livin' with a broken heart, Sol; better off,' said the mother.

'You're a good wife, my dear,' said Sol hoarsely and wearily. 'A good wife. Yes, she's better off. But it'd be somethin' if we only knowed where her grave was, my dear, wouldn't it?'

The simple question spoke of such despair to the wife's heart that her tears would have way. She drew his head to her breast and swayed it to and fro as though he were a child.

'Poor Sol, poor dear Sol! Our time ain't long, my dear. We shall soon see the poor broken-hearted thing again, Sol. If she'd come back, she'd never ha' heard a bitter word from us, Sol, would she? Never a bitter word. Never a bitter word. Never a bitter word.'

She went over the phrase again and again, as though there were comfort in it, and still held the bowed head to her wifely breast as though it were a child's.

'Such a child!' said Sol, a minute or two later, seated with heavily dependent arms between his knees, as though his hands bore a weight too great for his strength, and with eyes fixed on the floor. 'Such a child, rosy an' pretty, two months back! An' now as white as snow—as white as snow!'

'Sol!' cried his wife with a ghostly face.

'Ay,' said he, looking at her with lack-lustre eyes, 'as white as snow. As white as snow.

'Sol!' cried his wife again.

'My darling,' said Sol, stretching out one heavy hand nervelessly and laying it on her shoulder, 'I see her poor dear dead face last night at the winder. I've seen it three nights runnin'. It's my call. You'll be lonely when I'm gone. You've been a good wife, Sarah, an' I'm grieved to leave you. But I've had the call.'

His nerveless hand dropped down again as if it held a weight too heavy for his strength. His wife knelt before him, looking in his face. A timid knock came to the door, but neither heard it. It was repeated a little louder, and Mrs. Varley, rising, opened the door with a scream.

'Don't be put out, missis,' said a voice outside. 'Might I come in? Is master theer?'

'Come in,' said Mrs. Varley faintly; and Jim entered, ragged, shoeless, hollow-eyed, pale, bearded with a bristly beard of two months' growth—a man foredone.

'I swore,' said Jim, 'as I'd find her if I follered her to the world's end. I follered her and found her, an' she slipped me, an' I follered her again, and I follered her on, an' on, an' on.' The two looked at him with such awful faces that he paused. 'Did ye get any news of her over?' he asked after a while. Solomon still held the letter in his hands.

'That come,' he said, 'a month ago.'

Jim spelled it through, and then, returning it to the broken and crumpled envelope, held it while he spoke.

'No more news than this?'

'Never a word,' said Solomon.

'Did you find where she was buried, master?' Sol shook his head.

'We tried,' said Mrs. Varley, 'everywhere. But the letter didn't even tell us where she died.'

'Master,' said Jim, 'I've walked a matter of a thousand mile. I'm dead beat. If you please, missis, I should like the things I left. I'm very bad off for a change.'

Mrs. Varley poured out a can of water into a washing basin, set out soap and towels and a comb, then produced a bundle of clothes from a locker.

'You can get a wash, James, and a change,' she said, crying silently the while, 'and I'll get you something to eat.'

Saying this, she left the house, and Jim, laying down the letter, began with laboured slowness to divest himself of a very tattered shirt. He paused suddenly in the act of drawing it over his head.

'What's this I hears about a ghost, master?' Solomon started and stared at him. 'I meets Tom Hackett twelve mile behind, an' he says you've seen a ghost, he says. That's what he says. "Your master's haunted."'

Solomon rose with outstretched hands.

'Has anybody seen it besides me?'

'Have you seen it, master?' cried Jim, slipping the garment back again.

'Three times,' said Solomon with awe-struck face.

'When?' cried Jim. 'Where?'

'Allays at midnight,' answered Solomon, 'at that little winder,—pale, an' thin, an' white—white as snow.'

'When? when?' cried Jim again. 'Last night?'

'Yes,' said Solomon, 'last night. For the third time. It's my call, Jim. I sha'n't be here much longer. I shall foller my poor broken hearted child.'

'What?' cried Jim, in a voice which would have been a roar but for his feeble. ness. 'You've seen her three times, an' never spoke to her?' Solomon could only look at him in grief struck wonder. 'Why, I found out the gell as wrote this letter. Sewed boot uppers for a livin', she did. Her it was what fired the bullet. But who makes it, do you think? Who makes it, master?'

'Jim,' said Solomon, trembling from head to foot, 'Jim!'—warning and entreaty mingled in the tone.

'Master,' says Jim, 'if what I says ain't true, you take a pitchfork out of the waggin outside and run me through with it. I finds the gell as wrote this letter. What makes me find her? 'Cos I'm travellin' to search for Miss Virginia, and 'cos I've swore as sure as Heaven an' earth I'll foller her to the world's end. Miss Virginia had been a livin' with her, an' one day her says to her: "A dear friend o' mine is dead. I can't write." Her says, "You write for me an' I'll tell you what to say." And then her writes this letter. Then Miss Virginia ketches sight o' me, an' livin' very hard, but quite respectable. On I follers—tracks her—finds her—loses her—tracks her again, an' follers on again.'

Solomon was on his knees, and the tears were dripping through his fingers, dripping thickly on the floor.

'Such a face, Jim!' he moaned; 'that wild an' worn an' pale! Oh, Virgie! Virgie!'

'Master,' said Jim, 'I've had word of her all along. Now she's took rail, an' I've had to walk; an' now her's slipped me, but I've took up the track again, an' at last we've found her.'

The tears were coursing down Jim's face too, and washing out brown channels in the gray dust which covered it.

'Not a word to the missis, not a word,' said Jim. 'Her'll come again to-night to look at you. That's it,' said the valiant, tender-hearted scarecrow, shaking with sobs, 'poor bleedin' heart! Just wants to see you, like, as often as her fear'll let her.'

'May I come in?' said Mrs. Varley, tapping at the door.

'Not yet, ma'am, if you please,' said Jim, bolting the door with great haste; and, still sobbing and crying, he proceeded to his ablutions, and having conquered his tears and changed his dress, and again and again warned his master to silence, he admitted Mrs. Varley and sat down to a prodigious meal under the shade of the house outside.

Solomon went feverishly to work to help the men who were arranging the vans and putting up the canvas in readiness for the morrow, and Jim kept sedulously out of Mrs. Varley's way. Before nightfall he limped away, unrecognised by any of his ancient comrades, whom he had dodged all afternoon like a stage villain, unintentionally inviting inspection.

The night grew, and Solomon sat with a wildly beating heart in the little house on wheels. Mrs. Varley had retired to the bedroom partitioned off at one end of the structure, and there, by the light of a little lamp, spelled through the Psalms in her Prayer book. Many and many a line she went through half mechanically, and the words had no meaning for her. At length the slow forefinger, rough with the needle, paused at these words: 'As for me, I am poor and in misery: haste Thee unto me, O God.' She bowed her head and wept above the line. And what was that? A cry outside that thrilled her to the soul—an answering voice within which called her child by name—the noise of a door that opened suddenly—the voice again that called her child by name. Hurrying to the main chamber of the house on wheels, she saw Jim beyond the open door with a drooping figure in his arms. But it was her husband's voice which called upon her child—it was her child and his who lay worn and pallid, but alive, in those protecting arms.

Solomon Varley that night retired from business. In the next week's Era his unrivalled zoological collection was advertized and in a week it had passed to other hands.

Little Virgie's cheeks are abloom again long since, and little Virgie is a happy wife and mother. I could transport myself by train and road in four hours and a half to that quiet spot in Worcestershire in which Sol Varley and his wife enjoy the otium cum dignitate of their simple lives. I know a well-to-do jobmaster in a neighboring town who answers to the name of Jim, and has been given up by all the eligible women in his own station of life for four miles round as an incorrigible bachelor; and sometimes in Regent-street or Piccadilly I meet a handsome and distinguished-looking man, who limps a little in his gait from an ill-set broken leg, the result of an encounter with that same jobmaster when the two met together by accident about a year after the events related in this story. Most of Mr. Verschoyle's friends are under the impression that he received this injury whilst out hunting. Jim hearing this once on a time nodded sternly, and remarked, with a look of enigma on him, that it happened a year after the hunt was over; and being pressed for information, he declined to say another word.

[THE END.]

Management.

First Tramp—You are the first feller that ever got a square meal from that woman. How did yer manage?

Second Tramp—I told her I'd found ten cents, and asked her to direct me to a free lunch saloon.

An action for damages against the British steamer Crathie for the sinking of the Elbe has been heard at Rotterdam. Judgment will be given on November 6.

The two sides of the human face are never alike. In two out of five the eyes are out of line; one eye is stronger than the other in seven cases out of ten, and the right ear is generally higher than the left

ONLY A MILLION.

CHAPTER I.

THE GREAT MR. CAWLEY.

"Let me get a million and I shall be quite happy." That was poor Samuel Cawley's cry. Poor?—yes, you will understand presently; he had the million when he died. He had a moderately comfortable start in the world, thanks to the industry of his father, who left him a small steady-going business and the requisite knowledge to carry it on successfully. Samuel Cawley did carry it on successfully, and various political and commercial events operating in his favour enabled him to transform his moderate business into an extensive one. He was devoted to his work, and having the quickness to use the lucky events of the day advantageously, he found himself in a few years at the head of an establishment into which money seemed to flow of its own sweet will. At first he was humbly grateful, then he became excited, and next the craving to become a millionaire seized him. That craving fairly mastered him; it was the mainspring of his every act and thought; he had no hope, no care—almost no religion, above or outside that desire to possess a million. Everything prospered with him and his ambition was realised. One morning he found that he possessed a million; and, singular as it may seem, he closed his books with a sigh of relief, satisfied!

But he was somewhat puzzled to discover after the first few days, which were occupied in self-congratulations, that he was not quite happy. There was something he wanted still, and what that something was he did not know. He opened his eyes, as it were, for the first time upon life outside his ledger. He had never had any real experience of youth, had never known play as a boy, or sport as a young man: the world of business had so completely absorbed him, that the world of pleasure was unknown to him. Being still young—just turned forty—he determined to explore this strange world in search of that something which he still required to make him happy.

He left his business to take care of itself; that is, he spent a couple of hours daily in his office instead of ten or more as he had done formerly; and the two hours were sufficient to keep everything straight. He took a large house in the West End; he purchased an old mansion in Sussex with about a thousand acres attached, and abundant shooting and fishing also—unfortunately, not having had any training in these sports, they afforded him no enjoyment. However they would please his friends. The appointments of his town and country residences were perfect—that is, as perfect as his servants would permit them to be. The cooking—when the cook was in good humor—was excellent; the wines were the best that money could obtain. Mr. Samuel Cawley was surrounded by troops of friends; he was put up at half a dozen clubs, blackballed by two—much to his astonishment—and accepted by the others; he found himself, in short, courted on all hands as a man of sterling worth—as a man whom it was a privilege to know. He was amazed by his own popularity; he had never suspected that he possessed the qualities requisite to shine in society, until he found himself in society and shining with all the brilliancy of a newly discovered planet.

All this was very agreeable. After he had got over the awkwardness of his first appearance, he began to enjoy himself; he began to think this world of amusement a very good world indeed, and the people in it a kindly and sensible people, with few prejudices comparatively speaking, and most ready to recognize native talent—for had they not recognized him? He was the hero of the hour, and he was highly delighted to recognize himself in that character; ladies admired his taste in art (his portrait by an R. A. was soon in the Academy), and spoke of his sympathetic nature; gentlemen praised his possessions, and professed the most kindly envy of the gifts which Nature and Fortune had bestowed upon him. Cawley was gratified exceedingly; but he never thoroughly understood what a great man he was until at a large dinner party (for which he provided) his health was proposed.

Then he saw himself in his true colours. He was not only a successful man (cheers—why, nobody knew, for there was nothing novel or striking in the observation; probably it was only meant as a sign of the universal worship of success); but he was a man endowed with the sublime philosophy which could recognise that there was something nobler in the world than mere success in money-getting (a bit of humbug cordially appreciated, and therefore cheered); a man who said to himself—'Enough, I shall enjoy life, and I shall help others to enjoy life, as we are doing at this moment, thanks to our generous host (more cheers). To what better, to what nobler purpose could a man devote himself? (hear, hear—quite justifiable this time). He was rendering a great moral service to the world, and the speaker did not doubt that the world looking on—especially the poorer classes, who were not privileged to share in these magnificent hospitalities—would learn a valuable lesson (still more cheers). In the glorious roll of British benefactors of their species the name of Samuel Cawley would go down to posterity as one of the brightest examples of how a true gentleman should live and help others to live, etc., etc., etc., and more and more cheers as the champagne circulated. It was quite settled that he was a great man who ought to live for ever in the flesh, but who assuredly would live for ever in the grateful memory of posterity.

Cawley was not a fool; and, tumbling into his bed in the small hours of the morning, he said to himself, 'That is very nice; but of course we must take it all with large proportions of salt.' Nevertheless, he swallowed a large quantity of what was very nice without any salt at all, and he was not in the least aware of the mistake.

He did do good, though: he subscribed liberally to miscellaneous charities; he helped many a poor wretch out of monetary scrapes (life or death to the wretch, but nothing at all to him, beyond the trouble of filling up a cheque); and he did not even turn his back upon poor relations. He had a troop of pensioners. But he had a weakness: he liked his benevolence to be recognised. He professed with becoming frankness that he did not want thanks; he was only too glad when a few pounds could help anybody; at the same time, he liked people to be grateful. He liked to hear his own praises sung, and was inclined to look discontentedly upon those dolts who accepted his disclaimers literally and remained silent. He would even, to particular friends, report what he had been obliged to do for poor So-and-so, lamenting all the time that So-and-so should have been so unfortunate as to require his help, which he gave so cheerfully or rather willingly, as So-and-so was such a deserving fellow, only rather careless and extravagant. So-and-so, in fact, would never "get on," unless he altered his ways and acted according to Mr. Cawley's instructions. But, poor fellow, he was a good creature, and the great Mr. Cawley felt obliged to give him the money to help him over his present strait, although Mr. Cawley fully expected that he would have to do the same thing again in a very short time. This confidence was repeated, in confidence of course, to Mr. Cawley's visitors, much to that gentleman's glorification, whilst poor So-and-so found himself presently looked upon with pitying eyes by everybody, heard the goodness of Mr. Cawley hummed in his ears, until he became conscious that people were shrinking from him the more they buzzed round the millionaire, and he felt ready to curse Cawley instead of regarding him with honest gratitude.

That was Cawley's weakness; he had found the flourish of his cheque-book apparently such a potent "open sesame" to people's homes and hearts, that, whilst really desirous of acting kindly, he lost all sense of the necessity for the generous thought which is even more essential in the composition of kindness than the free hand; the one being the product of a good heart, the other of good fortune.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

CRAZE OF SPECULATION.

SOUTH AFRICAN MINING SHARES CONSTANTLY RISING.

Great Fortunes Have Been Made on the London Mining Exchange—The Greatest European Bankers Have Become Interested in the Boom—Nothing Like it Has Been Known in Recent Times.

The craze of speculation which has seized upon three of the greatest capitals of Europe is a spectacle unparalleled in this generation. It has developed into one of those great mental epidemics which once in two or three decades sweep over a nation, or Christendom at large, much as the plague spreads its infection. The collapse of the South Africa boom, inevitable as it is, seems yet to be quite distant. Mining shares are constantly rising, and anything that bears a South African name is marketable. There is a scramble of large and small investors for gold and diamond stocks. Brokers are coining money on commissions, and many great fortunes have been made on the Mining Exchange. Many of the new companies are over-capitalized, and can never yield dividends, but every thing is easily floated on the fame of the Kimberley diamond mines or the gold fields of the Rand. Geography is not a special study in the Stock Exchange. "South Africa" are magic words that explain the great fortunes made by diamond kings and circus clowns, who have returned to England to build palaces in Piccadilly, and the mad revel of speculation goes on. A pound sterling share goes up to forty or fifty pounds, and remains there without a dividend being paid. Mr. Cecil Rhodes, the Minister of Cape Colony, is

THE POLITICAL CONJUROR

who has created a charter company and armed stock promoters with their power. He is the idol of the speculator, but the day must come sometime when his art as a necromancer will be exhausted, and when the great bubble of South African speculation will burst. In the meantime everybody chances fortune. The settlement just concluded was expected to shake out the weak-kneed and check speculation, but nobody was hurt, and the amount of business in what is called the Kaffir circus was more enormous than ever. A number of members of the London Stock Exchange, being satisfied, incredible as it may seem, with the fortunes already realized, have retired from the business. Their retreat, however, has not touched the public confidence in sustained future speculation, and there is no sign of weakening anywhere. The greatest English financiers, including the Rothschilds, French and German banks, and all European Bourse operators, have become interested in the boom. Apart from mere speculation, the solid developments of mining land and other properties in South Africa justify the host of investments. At any rate there will probably be no abatement in the fever of speculation, as the companies formed last spring continue to declare occasional dividends of 500 per cent., as happened in two or three instances last week. Dividends of 30 or 40 or 100 per cent. which other South African and West Australian mines are paying are looked upon as quite modest.

The dealings in mining shares on the London Stock Exchange now far

EXCEED IN AMOUNT

all other transactions daily. The representative South African companies, with a nominal capital value of $25,000,000, have risen in market value during the past thirty days to more than $50,000,000. The increase of the total South African share in the market quotations during the same period exceeds $250,000,000. It is true that there has been a substantial advance in all classes of securities, and speculation is still confined to mines. It is impossible to keep track of all the new ventures publicly and privately put upon the market daily. The popular appetite for these things is simply insatiable. The decision of the Paris Stock Board that no new mining stocks shall be introduced on the Bourse until the end of the year, has attracted much attention here, since it is the first sign of a serious check to the speculation which has already gone to perilous lengths. Whether or not the French brokers can prevent dealings in the new Kaffirs and Africans of every colour which are swamping the long market, it is undeniable that a halt ought to be called and a breathing space allowed. The problem of American finance and trade is unobserved when the South African mining speculation is at its height, and has become something like a mania in both London and Paris. Nothing like it has been known in recent times. Companies have been multiplied week after week for the development of mining tracts from the Cape to the Zambesi.

The Island of Crete is in a state of anarchy.

YOUNG FOLKS.

A Bird Festival.

A writer in Our Animal Friends describes a festival that she witnessed in China. She says:

Paak-taol is, I must explain, one of the most popular Chinese gods. He is supposed once to have lived on earth, to have been fond of birds and very kind to them. Every year, in the month of April, a celebration is held in his honor.

This festival, which I saw in the great southern City of Canton, lasts for three days. Shops are closed and services held every morning and afternoon in the god's fine temple. On the second evening a curious and brilliant procession passed through the principal streets.

First marched the bearers of huge, white lanterns emblazoned with Paak taol's name and titles. They were followed by about a hundred boys carrying richly embroidered banners. Then came the history trays. These were wooden platforms covered with clay figures arranged to represent different scenes in Paak-taol's life. He was shown feeding birds, setting their broken legs and teaching them tricks.

The figures were skillfully modeled and beautifully dressed and painted, but the history trays were eclipsed by the next division of the procession. Thousands of lanterns were borne aloft on poles, each being the life-size imitation of somebird. There were long-legged storks, stately peacocks, gorgeous golden pheasants, "snow" pheasants, with long jet black tails, great vultures and eagles, then at last glittering kingfishers, tiny tits and reedlings. All the lanterns were lit, many covered with the real feathers of the birds they imitated, and they made a very novel and very pretty show.

After the birds rode boys of all ages, mounted on queer little Chinese ponies. They were fantastic dresses and had their faces painted black, white and red, with here and there a dash of gold. Some had gilded chins and eyebrows, others gold noses and ears. The older boys were enjoying the fun immensely, vying with each other in puffing out their cheeks and making all sorts of queer faces; but many of the little fellows were more than half asleep and in danger of rolling off the back of their steeds. Then more lanterns, more banners and a dreadful band of (so-called) music ended this amusing pageant.

A French Board and Its Lesson.

In the country districts in France boards are put up telling people what animals and insects should not be killed and the reason, and also which ones should be exterminated in order to afford protection to the farmer. First on the board is this:

"This board is placed under the protection of the common sense and honesty of the public."

And, of course, after that no boy or man would mar or remove the board. Then follows these instructions:

"Hedgehog lives upon mice, snails and wire worms—animals injurious to agriculture. Don't kill a hedgehog.

"Toad helps agriculture, destroys twenty to thirty insects hourly. Don't kill toads.

"Mole destroys wire worms, larvae and insects injurious to the farmer. No trace of vegetables is ever found in his stomach; does more good than harm. Don't kill moles.

"Cock chafer and its larvae—deadly enemy to farmers; lays seventy to 100 eggs. Kill the cock chafer.

"Birds—Each department of France loses yearly many millions of francs by the injury done by insects. Birds are the only enemy capable of battling with them vigorously; they are great helps to farmers. Children, don't take bird's nests."

And so on the instructions read. Among the animals which need killing on a farm are mice and rats, and the reason they increase in spite of the constant warfare of cats and dogs is because the boys on the farm kill the animals that would destroy the pests if they had a chance.

A Monkey Fireman.

Jocko and the children of the house where Jocko lives are boon companions, and of a summer afternoon enjoy a frolic together upon the lawn.

One day some one carelessly threw a match down and the grass ignited, making a little blaze.

Jocko saw it and stopped and looked, then glanced all around, and, seeing a piece of plank not far off, ran for it, crept cautiously to the fire, all the time holding the plank as a shield between himself and the fire, then threw the plank on it and pressed it down and extinguished it. What child could have reasoned better and done more?

Although, perhaps, no danger could have come from the fire, still no one knows what the result might have been, and the monkey evidently believed that prudence is the better part of valor.

Solid Shot Abandoned.

The use of solid shot in warfare has been practically given up. The projectile of to day is a conical shell of steel, hollow, and sometimes loaded with powder so as to explode, or by a time fuse. It is wonderfully different from the shell of twenty-five years ago. In those days one could watch the projectile as it sailed through the air in a graceful curve, at length bursting. There was even time to get out of the way, under favorable circumstances. But the new style of shell moves at the rate of a little over half a mile a second. On striking a metal target its energy being transformed instantaneously into heat, it becomes red-hot, and a flame is actually seen to burst from the point struck. Such a projectile moves, one might say, in a straight line, and its impact at a distance of a mile seems almost simultaneous with the discharge of the gun. Such a shell, passing near a man, would tear his clothes off, merely from the windage. If it comes very near, though without hitting him, it would kill him. He drops dead without a sign of a wound. Whereas, an old-style shell would burst into a few pieces, the modern projectile flies into a myriad of small fragments, each of them moving with tremendous velocity. It may easily be imagined that half a dozen 6-pound Hotchkiss shells finding their way into a vessel would scatter death and destruction in every direction. Protective armour, owing to its great weight, can be placed only over the ship's vitals—that is to say, along the middle part of the hull near the water line, so as to cover the machinery. In future battles gunners will direct their fire against the unarmoured ends of an opposing vessel.

AFTER NASEBY.

BY WILLIAM PIGOTT.

When the battle of Naseby had been fought and lost I felt that the cause of my liege the King was lost, too. More than eight hundred of our men were left dead upon the field, while the number of prisoners exceeded the slain by five to one; the King himself had been forced to flee, whither I knew not; and the remnants of his army (of whom I was one) were scattered across the country side. After the battle I had been chased hither and thither by flying squadrons of cavalry, but, always managing to elude their grasp, I found myself when night came down at a little distance from the scene of the conflict. The pursuing parties were recalled one by one, and drawing my horse up to a walk I rode slowly onward through the Northamptonshire lanes, wandering I knew not where. Behind me, when I turned in the saddle, I could see a score of the enemy's watchfires glowing bright against the dark background, while ever and anon there came across the still night air the strains of a hymn from the camp of the Convenanters. I was faint and weary for the want of food, for I had tasted nothing since early morn, and my heart was very heavy for my liege.

Presently I espied, with no small satisfaction, a bright ray of light issuing from the trees in front of me. As I approached I saw that it proceeded from the window of a low-thatched cottage, which, to man dejected and weary in body and mind, was a pleasing and most comfortable sight. I dismounted, and throwing the bridle over my arm rapped at the door with my sword hilt. I had occasion to rap again before it was opened by a wizened old woman with a kindly face, but withal a frightened one. In a trembling voice she inquired my name and business.

"My name, good dame," I answered, "is of little consequence. I am a Captain in his Majesty's Sixth Regiment of Horse and I crave food and rest."

"Nay, I pray you, sir, to go away," replied the old crone, whose fear had become the more manifest as I spoke.

Now this I had no mind to do, for there was proceeding from the inside of the house a most appetizing odor, as of some savory stuff on the stew, and my stomach liked ill to go away and leave it.

"Your fears are groundless good dame," said I, in such a tone as I hoped might serve to reassure her. "No harm will come to you."

"Aye, but it will," she croaked. "The rebels are encamped not a league away. I dare not let ye in. I have all the heart kind sir, but I dare not."

"Nay, let him enter, good mother," said a sweet voice behind her. "If he is for the King he is a friend."

The old crone left me standing on the threshold and turned to speak with someone inside, who from the tones of the voice as they came to me through the doorway, I could tell was pleading my cause.

"Well, have it as ye will," said the old creature at last; "but ill will come of it; mark my word, lassie, ill will come of it!" and she hobbled back to where I was standing.

"Good gentleman," she said holding the door open, "there is not much that I can offer ye, but to such as it is ye are welcome."

I thanked her profusely, and, begging to be allowed to tend first to my horse, led it off in the direction of an outhouse. The poor beast was as spent as its master, and sorely in need of rest. I gave it meal and water, and leaving it safely tethered, returned presently to the cottage.

The old woman, as I entered was bending over a large iron pot which was seething on the fire, and from which proceeded the savory smell I had before noticed. Beside her, on a low wooden stool, was seated a maiden of such exceeding beauty that, looking at her, I remembered no longer my hunger, but only the disorder of my attire. She was dressed in peasant's costume, but the softness of her skin, the whiteness of her hands, the grace of her bearing, all told me it was no peasant that I gazed upon. I made her a low bow, but I fear it did me but little credit, for what with the heat and tumult of the day, the dust and stain of battle, my weariness and dejection, and the surprise at meeting so fair a creature in such an unlooked for manner, I was but ill prepared to do justice to the manners of a courtier. She returned my salute with a perfect grace that put me to shame, but I fancied I saw a faint sign of amusement in her face—which, indeed, was not to be wondered at—and so I took out a posket comb and small hand mirror which I carried with me, and going towards the candle which burnt upon a table in the center of the room, endeavored to remedy to some extent the defects in my appearance, so that I might present a more fitting spectacle for a lady's eyes to gaze upon.

The maiden watched me with a smile. "I perceive, sir," she said, "that you belong to the court."

I could not tell whether this was said in jest or earnest, but I was loath to consider it the former, and so answered:

"It is true, madam, that I have the honor and privilege to attend upon his Majesty. May I, in turn, be pardoned for saying that I discern you are not such as it would seem you desire to appear?"

She took what I said in good part though shaking her finger playfully as she replied:

"Nay, sirrah, I am a peasant, as you perceive."

This I did not believe, nor could I be wholly sure that she wished to be believed.

"But come, mother," the maiden continued, turning to the old crone who was still stooping over the fire, "your guest is surely famished, and that stew, I trow, is ready to do you credit."

Thus exhorted, the old woman placed the savory mess upon the table, accompanying the action with many apologies for the homeliness of the fare, which in truth were unneeded, for I set to with a will and never had found King's banquet more to my taste. Nevertheless, I was grieved to think that I should have to break my long fast before the eyes of so fair a maiden, for I could not but fear that she would regard my prodigious appetite as smacking of the most unseemly greed. When the meal was concluded I begged to be allowed to seek repose by the side of my horse in the outhouse, but the old woman pointed to a ladder which stood in the corner of the room communicating with a trap door in the roof above.

"If ye go up there, good gentleman," said she, "ye will find a loft where ye may rest. 'Tis a poor place as ye may well believe, but fitter for a King's officer to lie within than an outhouse."

I thanked her, and taking the rush light which she proffered bowed once again to the maiden and started wearily to mount the ladder. In the loft above I found a straw pallet, upon which I threw myself down without removing so much as my sword, and was soon overcome with slumber.

I was awakened after what seemed but a few minutes by the sound of men's voices in the room below; and filled with apprehension I crept quietly to the trap door and partly raised the lid. I was hugely taken aback by what I saw, though the sight was but a natural one in the sad case in which the King's own loyal men at that time found themselves. A burly, red-faced Sergeant and two troopers, all dressed in the rebel uniform, had entered the house and were engaged in lively conversation with the old woman who had shown me kindness.

"I tell ye," she was saying, "there's none that ye seek in here."

"This gives you the lie, old woman," said the Sergeant; and with a sneer he dug his sword into a cloak which I, with a sad lack of forethought, had left to lie upon a bench, and held it up on the point. "This is no raiment of a servant of the Lord.

With a cry of despair the old dame shrank back and covered her wizened face with her hands. The Sergeant took a step in the direction of the ladder, but the young maiden, who until that moment had remained seated, rose majestically and barred his way.

"Stay!" she cried. "You have no right to enter or to search this dwelling, poor though it be, except this old dame bid you. Wherefore, then, do you come? You have conquered in the combat, you have killed and captured many thousands of the King's brave men—why seek ye more?"

The Sergeant gazed upon the indignant girl with the most unmistakable admiration glowing on his fleshy face. "By my faith," he said with a smirk, "a comely damsel!" and such a one, it seems, as the Lord reserves for his own elect!" and with that he would have touched her face. But the blood rushed hot to my cheek at the thought of the indignity, and, drawing my sword, I made short work of the ladder and appeared pell-mell in the midst of them.

For a moment my sudden and unexpected advent threw the three men into some confusion, but, quickly recovering from their surprise, they rushed upon me with drawn swords. Parrying a fierce blow which the foremost trooper dealt at me, I got under his guard and passed my blade through his right lung.

"A brave thrust!"

As the man fell his two comrades fell back, and I had an instant to look around. The maiden stood beside me, watching the conflict with brightly flashing eyes; her bosom heaved, her whole form was all alive with the keenest excitement. Truly it was no peasant blood which ran in her. "A brave thrust!" she cried again.

"The King!" I shouted, "the King, and confusion to his enemies!"

Somewhat taken aback by the death of their comrade the two remaining men seemed in no great hurry to renew the combat. But I placed my back to the wall and stood on guard awaiting their onslaught and when they held back taunted them for cowards. I looked again towards the maiden, and she gave me a glance which set my heart throbbing faster than had the flashing words. Presently, recovering something of their lost courage, the two men again approached, but this time with less fury and more method. The trooper came first and engaged me, while the Sergeant remained standing behind, ready to spit me under his companion's arm if opportunity should offer. For some moments there was the ring of steel against steel as we struck and parried, neither being able to obtain the mastery, while ever and anon, at a fiercer blow, bright sparks shot forth from the meeting blades. After the first few thrusts, indeed, I felt that I had the measure of my adversary, but I dared not, devote to him the whole of my attention, requiring to be continually on my guard against a subtle thrust from the word of the Seargeant. At length, with a swift and sudden upward stroke, I deprived my opponent of his weapon. It flew from his hand and fell with a clink and a jangle upon the stone floor.

It seemed, however, that the blow was likely to cost me dear, for in striking I stumbled over the body of the fallen trooper and in a trice the Sergeant was upon me with flashing sword. I felt that my last moment had come and made ready to die as became a servant of the King. Instead of a death thrust, however, a most astonishing and somewhat ludicious thing came to pass, for I found a most useful ally in the brave lady who had displayed so much interest in the struggle. She seized the pot that was seething on the fire, and with a quick movement poured the whole of the scalding contents into the face of the Sergeant.

He sprang back with a cry of rage and pain and when he turned round again I had much ado to restrain my mirth, for his face at that moment resembled nothing so much as a boiled lobster. It seemed to be his purpose to wreak vengeance upon the lady who had caused his discomfiture, but I had had time to recover and when he turned he found my sword point at his throat. Inferring, may be, from that circumstance that nothing to his advantage was likely to result from a continued stay, he turned on his heel and, followed by the disarmed trooper, went rapidly from the house, using as he did so many ungodly words such as I trow he had never found in his prayer-book.

We waited in silence until the sound of their horses' hoofs had died away in the distance. For myself I could even then do nought but laugh at the thought of the grotesque and most undignified figure which the burly Sergeant had cut. But the brave lady to whom I owed so much was of a different humor. She plucked my sleeve and looked into my face with such grave and earnest appeal that at once I checked my merriment.

"Sir, I pray you lose not a moment, but depart forthwith, for I fear me you Sergeant will most surely return."

"Nay, fair lady," I answered, "I depart not alone; for, if I mistake not, this same fellow went off in a worse humor at thy greeting than at mine."

"You speak in riddles, sir. Whither would you have me go?"

"To your home, sweet lady."

"And where may that be, most sagacious sir?"

"Nay, I know not; yet am I sure 'tis not a cottage such as this."

The maiden stood pensive while a man might have slowly counted ten, and when she looked up there was a change come over her, for she had laid aside her bantering manner, and spoke in a voice of such exceeding softness that it was like the music of some sweet instrument most skillfully tuned.

"Most valiant gentleman," she said; "I tell you who I am, and whence I come, and why you have found me here; for you have borne a brave part to-night, and it would ill become me to deceive one who has wielded for my sake so trusty a sword. I am the daughter of the Earl of Morvale, whose purpose it was to give me in marriage to a certain courtier of the King, a man whom I had never seen, and who I did not doubt was devoted solely to puffs and frills, and such things as are beseeming only women—that kind of a man indeed, which in my injustice I did at first conceive you yourself to be. But since I had no great desire to be passed from hand to hand, whether I would or no, like a piece of merchandise, and my father not ceasing to press me, I left his roof to seek that of my mother's sister, who lives on the border of the County of Worcester, until such time as his humor should have changed. But, being unused to travelling unaccompanied, I mistook the path and went grievously astray, so that when night fell I had wandered far from my direction, and this good dame, seeing my dilemma, took me in and gave me shelter. Then the troubles broke out in this quarter and I could not with safety resume my journey. So my good mother lent me this peasant's dress, that I might be the less easily recognized, and here for six days I have abided.

A most astonishing but vastly pleasing possibility had borne itself in upon me while she spoke. Yet could I not be wholly certain, and so I said:

"You have told me much, madam, and yet not that which most I desire to learn. Your father being the Earl of Morvale, have I the privilege of addressing Lady Constance Temple?"

She inclined her head to signify assent.

"Is it, then, possible that the courtier of whom you speak is Sir Lionel Mordaunt?"

"You have again guessed rightly," said the lady, gazing at me in some astonishment, "though how you come to know so much that concerns me, I assure you, sir, I am at a loss to understand."

"And yet," I answered with a bow, "it is by no means wonderful, as you will presently perceive. For the moment we must make your safety our chief concern. The Castle of Morvale lies from here not six leagues distant. The night is fine, and by pressing forward without delay we should reach it before the dawn. Once there you will be safe, for the Earl of Morvale has taken no active part in the troubles. Shall we go thither?"

"But the courtier, sirrah," exclaimed the lady. "You forget the courtier. My father will surely still seek to force this marriage upon me."

"As to that," I replied, "you need apprehend no further embarrassment, and for this very reason, that the unwitting cause of all your troubles stands before you." I made her a low bow. "I, madam, am Sir Lionel Mordaunt."

I feared then I had made my announcement somewhat too suddenly, for the lady was covered with confusion. A crimson flush suffused her cheek and neck, and she dropped her head. When at last she looked up she was smiling through her blushes.

"Yet I fear, sir," she said with a comical look, "that the Earl will still refuse to relinquish his desire."

"And you, madam," I answered; "you can refuse?"

"But, sirrah"—she looked at me with a merry twinkle in her eyes and yet with a passing sweetness—"I am a dutiful daughter."

I took her tiny hand in mine, and, bending low before her, kissed it.

The old woman had listened while we talked, sitting on a low stool before the fire, her withered lips ever and again emitting a muttered exclamation. I laid a purse of money on the table that she might not regret the kindness she had shown to us both, and, taking my lady's hand again in mine, led her gently forth into the open. There I placed her upon my own horse, and, mounting myself the other one which had belonged to the dead trooper, we rode out into the night.

Stub Ends of Thought.

All good men don't make good husbands.

What we know about yesterday doesn't seem to help us much with to-morrow.

The world contains many "tired women" who wouldn't rest if they had the opportunity.

A woman won't lie for her own sake nearly so easily as she will for the sake of somebody else.

Nobody is mistake-proof.

Most sentiment is liable to mildew if not carefully looked after.

Cupid shoots his arrow through a pocket book when he doesn't take aim.

A woman can't be any more constant than a man, but she can keep it up much longer.

Cupid is represented as a child, because an adult Cupid would be chased out of the country for reckless shooting.

Education is an acquired habit.

Doomed to Bachelorhood.

Friend—I say, Jack, why don't you marry, and settle down?

Jack—Can't.

You have a good income?

Yes.

And your aunt left you a charming house?

Yes.

Then why don't you hunt up a wife?

Oh, a wife is easy enough to get; that isn't the matter.

Then what is the matter?

I can't find a servant-girl.

Inventive.

Molly—I think young Brownley is working on some air machine or other.

Polly—What makes you think so?

Molly—Every time he calls on me he says he'd fly to the uttermost parts of the earth for me!

Winkers Succeeded.

Binkers—Has Winkers succeeded in teaching his daughter to ride her new bicycle yet?

Minkers—Yes, she is out riding now.

Is Winkers with her?

No, he's in a hospital.

Encouraging Him.

Mother—Well, my dear, I see you are engaged to Mr. Bashful at last.

Daughter—No; he hasn't proposed yet.

What? Not engaged? I saw you hugging and kissing him last night.

Y-e-s, I was trying to encourage him a little.

SOME DEADLY TRIFLES.

INSIGNIFICANT ACCIDENTS THAT HAVE FATAL CONSEQUENCES.

Men Who Died from the Prick of a Needle—A Man Whose End Came by Cutting His Finger with a Sheet of Paper—The Protean Forms in Which Death Comes to the Human Race.

The records of every accident insurance company afford innumerable instances of the insecurity of our tenure of life, and furnish many illustrations of the ease with which a man can be killed. Not a day passes but that thousands of seamstresses and tailors prick their fingers with their needles, and nothing is thought of the accident, if it can be called such, but at least a dozen deaths are recorded from this cause alone during the last ten years. A few months ago a man in Massachusetts cut his finger with the sharp edge of a sheet of paper while folding a letter; the wound, slight as it was, suppurated, blood-poisoning set in, and he died a few days later. A New York shoemaker, while driving a wated end tight, gashed his thumb with the thread, and died in ten days. A man in Philadelphia died a few years ago from paring a corn too closely, and another in Boston from a small cut accidentally inflicted while cutting his thumb nail. A woman of Baltimore, while biting her finger-nails, bit into the quick, and died in two weeks, while a stone bruise, that common affliction of barefooted youth, proved fatal to a boy of New Jersey. A few months ago a farmer in Ohio died from being kicked by a hog. He, with another man, having tied the beast, was placing it in a wagon, when it suddenly gave a violent kick, struck him in the abdomen with its hind feet, and caused an injury of which he died in a few days. Still stranger was the case of a gentleman in New York who died a couple of years ago from the effects of a mote in his eye. It gave him much pain, but he would not neglect his business to go to an oculist, and the day after the mote had effected a lodgment the eye was so greatly swollen that the oculist could do nothing save make efforts to reduce the inflammation. Attempts in this direction were, however, in vain; the swelling continued, and spread over one side of his face, erysipelas set in, and in a week the man was dead. Quite as novel was the taking oil of a gentleman in London in 1891. He was approaching middle age, and had a number of gray hairs rather conspicuously displayed above his forehead. His youthful fiancee objected to them, and, to please her, he permitted her to pull them out. The next day he noticed a slight inflammation and irritation of the skin where the hairs had been removed, but thought little of it. A day later the inflammation had developed to an alarming extent, and he sent for a physician, but, in spite of all that could be done to save him, he died in a week.

DEATH FROM A KISS.

Instances of mothers dying of diphtheria after kissing their children ill of the same disease are numerous, but are in no way remarkable, as the communication of the virus in such a case is easily understood. That a lover should die from kissing his sweetheart who was afflicted with a sore mouth is not, however, so common. Such a case is recorded as having occurred in Massachusetts some years ago. The young woman had what in familiar phrase is known as a fever blister, but the young fellow who was unfortunate enough to win her regard did not propose to allow a little thing like that to interfere with his happiness, so, during the course of his visit, made at a time when the fever blister was in its glory, he kissed her, presumably several times, as he was accustomed to do. A day or two later, the young lady's lips were quite well again, but those of the young man had broken out with small sores, and the twain made merry over the fact that he had caught the fever blisters from her. Merriment on the subject did not long continue, however, for the sores became malignant ulcers, whose progress could not be, or at least was not, checked by medical skill, and in less than six weeks the man died, a genuine victim of Cupid. Not a day passes but that, during the course of it, dozens of youngsters are prodded with pins by facetious comrades, and beyond the momentary annoyance, no result is noticed, but the practice may sometimes be deadly, as shown by a case in Philadelphia some years ago. According to the statement of the case, as made in a medical journal, the boys concerned were at school when one humorously inserted a pin into the anatomy of the other for the purpose of making him jump. He jumped accordingly, swore in a whisper at the boy who had perforated his cuticle, and, in diplomatic language, "the incident was supposed to be closed." That it was not, however, was attested by the appearance a few days later of what the sufferer designated a "sore place" in the region penetrated by the pin. The "sore place" extended its limits, the boy complained and his mother applied some simple remedy without result. The boy grew worse, a doctor was called, and found that blood poisoning had set in. The boy lingered a few days and died of the injury, and upon an investigation being made it was discovered that the pin used was rusty.

SLIGHT WOUNDS AND LOCKJAW.

Trifling injuries, such as that just described, are more frequently followed by tetanus than by any other form of disease, and the well-known dread of this terrible affliction is justified by the comparative frequency with which it occurs. Its severity is apparently so disproportionate to the ostensible injury as to influence physicians to look elsewhere for the origin than in the trifling wound, cut or bruise, which some are now disposed to regard rather as the occasion than as the cause. Leaving this issue to be settled by the doctors themselves, it is certainly very remarkable to observe how slight are the wounds that bring on or seem to bring on this generally fatal disease. In Chicago a boy paring an apple scratched his palm with the point of his knife blade and died of lockjaw in ten days; in Philadelphia a man jumped suddenly out of bed, stepped on a tack which entered the sole of his foot, and died in a week; in the same city another case occurred from the extraction of a tooth; in Boston, a man wore an uneasy shoe, abraded the skin on the side of his foot, fell a victim to tetanus and died in a fortnight. In Washington a clerk in one of the departments went fishing, and, thinking he had a bite, jerked up the line vigorously and caught the hook in the thumb of the other hand. The wound was very slight, and was apparently almost healed, when the spasms came on and he never recovered. In San Francisco a case is recorded resulting from a projecting nail in the sole of the shoe. In London a patient died from a bruise in the palm. He was a huckster, and in disputing with a housekeeper about his pay for some vegetables furnished, he brought down his open hand with force on a table by which both were standing. A child's marble lay on the table, and made a bruise in the center of his palm. He thought nothing of it, but it resulted in tetanus and death. Farmers have taken it from thrusting the tines of a pitch-fork into their hands or feet; carpenters have died of it from punctures made by rusty nails; it has been caused by the bites of serpents in the hands or feet of the victims; the bites of dogs or cats have been known to occasion it, and in three or four well-authenticated instances it has been induced by the bites or stings of wasps, bees, ants and mosquitoes. One of the most terribly fatal of all diseases, it seems totally out of proportion to the ostensible cause that produces it.

THE TRAGEDY OF DEATH.

There seems indeed to have been an unusually large element of tragedy in the death of many famous men, whose lives were cast in lines so peaceful that violence at the closing scene seems singularly inappropriate. There appears to be a poetic propriety in the assassination of Caesar, in the murder of Pompey, in the suicide of Hannibal, in the taking off of Turenne, and Wallenstein, and Charles XII. They were men of the sword, and it was natural that they should perish by the sword. But in the case of men of letters, tragedy has no place at the end, and it is therefore remarkable that so many should die under tragic circumstances. Both Homer and Aristotle, according to tradition, died of a broken heart; Euripides was torn to pieces by savage dogs; Alexis, the lyric poet, fell dead on the stage while reciting; Hesiod was murdered; Cleanthes and Aristarchus starved themselves to death; Peregrinus Proteus burned himself to death at the Olympic games; Demosthenes poisoned himself; Menander and Terence were both drowned; Lucretius went mad and committed suicide; so did Thomas Creech, his English translator, who, a few days before the fatal act, made the curious note, "Mem. Next Friday I hang myself," and carried out his intention. Silius Italicus starved to death with cancer of the stomach; Horace died of grief at the loss of his patron Maecenas; Gallus and Macer resorted to cold steel; Cicero and Boethius were assassinated; Lucan anticipated the order of the Emperor for his execution by taking his own life, opening his veins in a warm bath, thus following the example of his uncle, Seneca; the same fate was cheerfully encountered by Petronius Arbiter; Pliny died at Vesuvius; Duns Scotus was buried alive; Moliere died on the stage while personating the character of a sick man; Falconer was drowned at sea; John Palmer, the English actor, fell dead on the stage as he pronounced the words in his part, "There is another and a better world;" Lee was found dead in a street of London, having fallen while drunk, been covered by the snow and run over by a dray; Peter Motteaux was found strangled; Marvell was found dead; Fulka Greville, better known as Lord Brooke, was stabbed by a servant; Malebranche died of a hemorrhage induced by a dispute with Berkeley about the existence of matter; Santuel died from accidentally drinking wine into which snuff had fallen; Shadwell and Bourdelot died of overdoses of opium; Shenstone of sleeping in a cart, having quarreled with her mistress and going out of doors to sleep in order to spite her; Mason and Lamb of a fall; Dean Fletcher of too much smoking; Bacon of a sudden chill caused by exposure while making an experiment, and Lulli, the great French composer, of striking his toe with a cane he was using as a baton.

TENACITY OF LIFE.

In view of the case with which men slip out of life on the least pretext and sometimes with none at all, there is some comfort in the fact that numerous instances are known of men hanging on to existence with a tenacity that defies the most serious injuries. Nature seems to strike a medium, more satisfactory in the general contemplation than in the particular application, and where she deals out death to some through the means of altogether insignificant everyday occurrences and incidents of apparently no moment, preserves the lives of others in spite of the most ghastly wounds and mutilations. Men have lived for years with both arms and both legs gone, and four great suppurating sores at the places where the amputations had been made. They have survived bullet holes through their heads and knife wounds in their hearts; they have lived with portions of the brain removed by the surgeon's knife; they have lived on with one lung gone and the other doing very little work; they have continued to live even with some degree of comfort with holes in their stomachs, through which the processes of digestion could be observed; they have had their skulls partly cut away, their ribs taken out, their internal mechanism cut to pieces and readjusted, their whole bodily economy deranged in such a way that life would seem to be an impossibility. Men have survived broken arms, legs and backs; men have outlived broken necks; men have continued their existence with every bodily organ in such a state of degeneration and decay that they ought to have been dead years before they actually died. They have come out of railroad wrecks with almost every important bone in the body broken, and in a few months have gone back to work. They have survived falls where escape from instant death seemed impossible. In Denver a few years ago a boy leaned out of a hotel window, fell 83 feet 4 inches, came down on a brick pavement on his head and shoulders, and in three weeks was back at his old place, with not a bone broken and only a few bruises as reminders of the terrible incident. When such an accident as this is contrasted with that in New York last month when a man was killed by falling off an ottoman, it tends to make converts to the doctrine of fatalism and to inspire abounding faith in the old-time axiom that "A man's immortal till his time has come."

They Might Turn Out Poor.

Fond Parent—Bobby, dear, you have another new little brother. Aren't you pleased.

Bobby—No, Pop, I can't say that I am. I'm not stuck on having a whole raft of relations.

Accommodating.

Mother—So you have broken your engagement with Charlie to become engaged to Dick, have you?

Daughter—Oh, no, mamma, I just bent it around a little to accommodate the demand."

PERSONAL POINTERS.

Some Items of Interest About the Great Folks of the World.

While Secretary Olney refuses to make any statement regarding the action of the United States towards Great Britain on the Venezuelan question, it is ascertained that no ultimatum has been sent from Washington.

Lady Wolseley, the wife of the new commander-in-chief of the British army, was a Miss Louisa Erskine, a Scotchwoman. Her husband was Col. Wolseley when she married him in 1867.

King Humbert owns nearly two hundred horses, and the greatest number of them are English bred. The double row of stalls forms a regular street, and each animal has its name printed in large white letters above the manger.

Chin Sae Mon, one of the wealthiest Chinese merchants in Chicago, is going back to China. Elegantly equipped special cars, steamer apartments richly fitted up, and ovations from his countrymen all along the line are to be the features of his victorious return to China.

Henri Rochefort paid a flying visit to London a few days ago for the purpose of negotiating for the purchase of a painting by Goya, which he secured for $2,500. It it said that during his enforced stay in England he realized a small fortune by judicious picture buying.

An old man named Barber, who was gardener to Charles Dickens, has died in the Essex county Lunatic asylum at Brentwood. Barber is said to have been in possession of interesting relics of his former employer, including a gold watch and autograph letters, and the guardians have decided to sell these.

It is reported that the domestic organization of the Vatican is such that if the Pope were to be taken fatally ill it would be kept a secret for several days. Lately it has been arranged that not even the body servants of the Pope could penetrate the secret. But the health of the Pope at present does not at all justify such proceedings.

Bismarck is said to be getting rather feeble. Just before his last birthday his health seemed visibly better, but the extensive and protracted celebration of that event, involving as it did the reception of delegations of visitors who came and went for several months, weakened the Prince's vitality. He is no table to walk but little, and he has to be helped in and out of his carriage.

Rev. Dr. S. D. McConnell, of Philadelphia, spent his vacation in Europe on a wheel, riding 3,000 miles in England, France, Belgium, and Germany. He gives this advice to those who may contemplate a similar tour: "You can see Europe very cheaply; but, remember, keep away from the big hotels, and from places where the usual crowd of American travellers go. They skin Americans of every dollar they can possibly get."

Rev. Francis Whaley Harper, M. A., canon of York, England, who died there last week, was 80 years old. In 1877 he preached a sermon in York cathedral in which the following passage occurred and became widely circulated and caused much comment: "The spirit and the body were the Lord's and the Bible and beer, taken rightly, were the Lord's too. The beer would not do without the Bible, and the Bible would not do fully and perfectly without the beer."

THE BULLY WAS SATISFIED.

A Hand Shake Brought the Blood Spouting Out at the Tops of His Fingers.

Physical size and grand proportions are looked upon by the French Canadians with great respect, and the doings of their "big men" are treasured in traditionary lore. Where gange of raftsmen congregate, their "captains" may be recognized by their superior stature. One famous fellow of this governing class Joe Monfaron by name, was the bully of the Ottawa raftsmen. He was about six feet six inches high, and proportionally broad and deep. Among other feats of strength attributed to him is one recounted in "Picturesque Quebec."

There was a fighting stevedore, or "timber-tower," at Quebec, who had never seen Joe Monfaron, as he seldom came farther down the river than Montreal. This fighting character, however, made a custom of laughing to scorn all rumors about the terrible chastisement inflicted by Joe upon several persons at once. He, the fighting timber-tower, hadn't found his match about the lumber coves at Quebec, and he only wanted one chance at Joe Monfaron.

Then one day, a giant in a red shirt stood suddenly before him, saying:

"You're Dick Dempsey, eh?"

"That's me," replied the timber-tower; "and who are you?"

"Joe Monfaron. I heard you wanted me—here I am," was the Cæsarean answer of the great captain of rafts.

"Ah! you're Joe Monfaron!" said the bully, a little staggered at the sort of customer he saw before him. "I said I'd like to see you, for sure; but how am I to know you are the right man?"

"Shake hands first," replied Joe, "and then you will find out, maybe."

They shook hands—rather warmly, perhaps, for the comfort of the timber-tower, whose features wore an uncertain expression during the operation, and who at last broke out into a yell of pain as Joe cast him off with a defiant laugh. Nor did the bully wait for any further explanations; for whether the man who had just brought the blood spouting out at the tops of his fingers was Joe Monferon or not, he was clearly an ugly customer, and had better be left alone.

GLADSTONE ON LIQUOR.

The Liquor Question Baffles the Grand Old Man.

A despatch from London says:—Mr. Gladstone has written a letter to the Temperance Congress, in which he says: "While profoundly sensible of the immense importance of the liquor question, I cannot pretend that I have mastered its difficulties. I see it clearly in certain of its aspects, but as a whole it baffles me. I have no doubt that the local option principle is sound, but they must be of very sanguine temperament who believe that it is sufficient to dispose of the entire question. The method of the sale of liquor for public account which exists in parts of Scandinavia presents great advantages, and if adopted here ought to be adopted in its best form. The plan of free trade with strict policies supervision and adequate taxation was unfortunately refused a fair trial in Great Britain. Of the essence of mere limitation by reducing the number of licenses I have a poor opinion."

Consumption.
Sufferer inserts and two bottles of medicine sent Free to all suffering. Give Express and Post Office address. T. A. SLOCUM CHEMICAL CO. 3,145, Toronto, Ont.

THE TIMES

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Moose Jaw, N. W. T.

E. G. WOODWARD, ...Editor and Proprietor
SUBSCRIPTION, $1.50 per year.

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Advertisements of Wants, To Let, Lost, Found, etc., when under 1 inch, will be inserted for 50c.; subsequent insertions 25c. each.

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JOB PRINTING

Our job department is equipped with every appliance necessary for turning out first-class work at shortest notice. Prices moderate.

The Moose Jaw Times.

"And what is writ, is writ,—
Would it were worthier!" —Byron.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1895.

NOTICE.

As per announcement elsewhere THE MOOSE JAW TIMES changes proprietorship and management with this issue, the subscriber having taken over the plant, etc., from MR WALTER SCOTT, who has been proprietor for the past fourteen months.

Owing to our having arrived in town late, and also from the fact of MR SCOTT making an announcement, a policy will not be published until next week.

As the purchase includes all subscription accounts, payment of the same will be received by the undersigned.

E. G. WOODWARD.
Prop.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

With this issue THE MOOSE JAW TIMES continues the journalistic race under new auspices, the undersigned having sold the property to Mr. E. G. WOODWARD.

As during the past three months I have not personally supervised the issue, this occasion may not be distinctly classed in the formal phraseology as a "severance of the ties, etc.," nevertheless it accentuates a severance which was made on my part not without very deep regret and which regret my command of language proves inadequate to express. The fourteen months of my residence in Moose Jaw, will ever be to me a pleasurable recollection. I liked the town and I liked the people; and what was equally gratifying, the people of the town and country evidently liked the paper. They subscribed for it, they advertised, in it,—in a word they gave it financial stability. By their generous encouragement when the paper struck out on what I believe may be modestly and truthfully claimed to have been independent and even courageous lines, the people gave to it also moral stability. It is possible that the success which attended THE TIMES, or which was at least attributed to it, during the term of my management, conduced in no small measure to the regret which affection for the town and people causes me to feel at parting.

That the success has in no wise diminished since my removal may be attributed to the journalistic ability of Mr. O. B. Fysh, who has had editorial management in the interim, and who has fully maintained the standard of what many competent judges have declared to be the best purely local newspaper in the Territories, and that this standard will be preserved by our successor I have no doubt. If the people of Moose Jaw will approve his good points as warmly, and deal with his shortcomings as leniently as they did with mine, his success and the continued prosperity of THE TIMES is assured.

With hearty thanks for countless favors, and compliments of the approaching Christmas season,

Very sincerely yours,
WALTER SCOTT.

Moose Jaw, December 2nd, 1895.

THE SCHOOL QUESTION

Now that another session of the Dominion Parliament has become a certainty, the above question is receiving a large share of attention. The leading newspapers of the country discuss it quite freely, but the politicians are very guarded, fearing, no doubt, that their political lives depend on how best to manage this refractory knot that has stood so much hacking. Each side has its claims, which, though not satisfactory to the other, are believed to be right and wrong by the advocates and opponents of either. It is simply a case of "too many cooks spoil the broth" The principle is sound. A school that will not only educate our youth but will raise them up as the joint owners of a great heritage, regardless of their religion or place of birth, is the kind we want and if the perfection of such an institution could be taken out of the hands of politicians and extremists the object would be easily attained. The greatest surprise comes from the least expected quarter, comes, in fact, from where an amicable settlement should naturally be propounded and advised. But, alas! The clergy, both priest and preacher, are just as determined in many cases as the politician.

Some were going so far as to condemn as godless those schools without a Bible. This is a sad reflection on Sunday schools and the work of ministers. If a child can't be impressed sufficiently on Sunday to preserve him through the week, then Sunday work is a failure. A child is impressed by the influence of his surroundings. He goes to school to learn the business methods of the world, and if he is allowed a sufficient amount of amusement to give his school days the spice that will make them attractive, the five days of the week spent in this way will not be regarded with aversion. This is his school where he romps and dances as opportunity permits and only submits to quiet and study because the rules of the institution demands it. That same boy, when Sunday comes, will march to church and enter the sacred edifice with the greatest reverence. He will be an attentive and careful Bible student, and, we venture to say, will be vastly more improved than by the reading of a verse in the day school that is done in a mechanical way.

Sunday is the day of rest,—the day we are permitted to cast aside the cares of the world and study things spiritual. It is something different to the balance of the week. Our minds are refreshed by the change and our bodies by the rest. It is not so with the boy. Can you drum Bible teaching into him five days of the week and expect him to be an earnest student on Sunday? Using the Bible in every day schools is simply lowering the sanctity and influence of that blessed book with the majority of children, besides making a bone of contention with our Catholic countrymen. An attractive public school with a system of education free from religious exercises could not be objected to. The moral standing of our teachers would always be a guarantee of the morality of our schools and if their influence failed the effect of the Bible in their hands would fail also.

The Sunday school and home circle is the place for religious training. Instruction can be given them according to the denominational belief of any citizen. To expect Catholics to become Protestants or vice versa is the height of nonsense. We do expect them to become good citizens. Politicians preach Loyalty. Ministers and priests advise it, and yet the former trifle with the principles of their fellow man for political advancement, and the latter through a lack of that charity that should guide them in their spiritual work.

THE PRICE OF FARM PRODUCTS.

To the inhabitants of an agricultural country, such as large portions of North America must ever be, the question of the price of farm products must always be a most important one. When a farmer does well her, the beneficial results are felt all over the land; but, when the opposite is the case the result is a great restriction of business. The last named state of affairs has been the case for some time past, but now better times seem to be at hand.

The great increase in the products of the farm of late years, and the consequent decrease in prices, arose from various causes, which have been discussed at length in the daily press. Some of these causes are the opening up of new countries and the extension of agriculture there, and in old settled ones as well; the introduction of improvements in machinery and implements, whereby the farmer is enabled to reap his crops more easily, and thus to extend his operations over a larger quantity of land, etc. There are many persons who hold that farmers will never get as good prices again for what they have to sell as were obtained in past years, and these are never tired of pointing out the possibilities of agriculture in South America, Africa, and other places, when those countries get more thickly settled, and improved methods of agriculture come into use there.

All these causes named will certainly have considerable bearing on the question of the prices of farm products in the future, but we do not think that they will have such an effect in keeping down prices as some expect. We believe that agricultural products will bring remunerative prices for all ages, but that these prices will vary from time to time as they have in the past. The increase in the population of the world, which is going on by leaps and bounds, will require a constantly increasing supply of food, and, as settlement progresses, the land available for agricultural purposes becomes smaller and smaller. In fact it is only a question of time when it will all be taken up.

Another curious feature which will also tend to maintain prices for farm procucts is the gradually diminishing proportion of the population that is turning its attention to farming. We will take the United States as an example. In that country, in 1870, farmers formed 47 per cent of the population. In 1880 the proportion had dropped to 44 per cent, while the census of 1890 revealed a still further drop to 40 per cent.

These figures tell a tale. They show that the population of the towns and cities is being built up more rapidly than that of the country, and the same is the case in many parts of Canada, and in other countries as well. All this will have an important bearing on the question of future prices for farm products.—*Farming.*

"DELIVER ME FROM MY FRIENDS."

Rather an odd prayer, but one that must be often indulged in by politicians of the present day. By the resignation of Mr. W. A. Porter as janitor of the Court House that position was made vacant. The applications for the vacancy were so numerous that Mr. Davin decided very wisely to allow the Conservative Association the privilege of voting on the question, which was agreed to by the candidates. Whether the appointment made in that way will be satisfactory to the disappointed applicants is a question for the future, and the hon. representative of Western Assiniboia may be yet heard to implore: "Lord deliver me from my friends.

A FOUL WIND THAT BLOWS NO BODY GOOD.

Through the appointment of a janitor for the Court House the finances of the Conservative Association have been very materially strengthened. The different candidates were very anxious to secure all the votes available. The Association passed a resolution allowing only those who were in good standing to vote. The result was very satisfactory to the Association, and about as much unexpected as though a legacy had been left in the old country.

R. BOGUE.

A Nice Stock of Winter Overcoats, Men's and Boys' Suits to be Sold at Cost.

SKATES AND SLEIGH BELLS CHEAP FOR CASH

Wheat and Oats Bought and Sold at Market Prices

: R. BOGUE :

What Our Beer Imports Cost.

"According to a statistical table in the recently published Canadian year book,', says the *Farmer's Sun*, "the cost to Canada of the ale, beer and porter imported and consumed from 1877 to 1894 was not less than $3,214,114. That enormous amount of money went out of the Dominion in that time for these liquors alone. The liquors were imported and consumed, and now we have nothing of either the money or the imports to show against the outlay. Besides that, very large quantities of these liquors were manufactured in Canada and consumed here during the same time, using millions of bushels of home produced grain which might have been profitably exported, investing millions of capital needed for other purposes, and diverting a great deal of labor which might have otherwise helped to enrich the country. This is one answer to the oft repeated question of "What harm is there in taking a few glasses of beer now and then?' Besides all this beer using, Canada has also enormous bills for imported wines and spirits of various kinds."

Don't Tobacco Spit or Smoke Your Life Away

is the truthful, startling title of a book about No-To-Bac, the harmless, guaranteed tobacco habit cure that braces up nicotinized nerves, eliminates the nicotine poison, makes weak men gain strength, vigor and manhood. You run no physical or financial risk, as No To-Bac is sold by W. W. Bole under guarantee to cure or money refunded. Book free. Ad. Sterling Remedy Co., 374 St. Paul St. Montreal.

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Having used your D. & L. Menthol Plaster for severe pain in the back and lumbago, I unhesitatingly recommend same as a safe, sure and rapid remedy; in fact, they act like magic.—A. LAPOINTE, Elizabethtown, Ont.
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The Winnipeg Weekly Tribune,
The biggest, brightest and best family newspaper published in Canada west of Lake Superior, is again to the front with an unparalleled offer. The paper for the balance of this year is given Free to all new subscribers for 1896—that is $1 secures the paper from now to the first of January, 1897. Besides this great offer the publishers are presenting every subscriber for the coming year with a magnificent premium picture entitled.
' THE FAMILY PETS"
This picture has been painted specially for The Tribune by one of the best lithographic artists in Canada and would sell in the open market for more than the amount asked for both the paper and the picture. It is a work of art that will adorn the walls of any drawing room. It can be obtained only by subscribers to The Weekly Tribune. It will be ready for distribution about the beginning of November and will be sent to subscribers in the order in which subscriptions are received.
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House-keepers, hold your orders as I have made arrangements with one of the largest fruit growers in B. C. to supply me with all kinds of fruit for preserving and other purposes. I buy and pay cash to the growers and save commission men's profit, and I mean to and will sell cheaper than any one in town.
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The Quick Cure for COUGHS, COLDS, CROUP, BRONCHITIS, HOARSENESS, etc.
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Pastor—Rev. T. G. McLeod.

Services—Sunday 11 a.m. and 7 p.m., Sunday School 2:30 p.m.; Monday, Y.P.S. C.E. at 7:30 ; Wednesday, Prayer Meeting, 7:30.

Everybody welcome.

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Special Evensong every Friday at 7:30 (choir practice afterwards) ; Matins daily at 8:30 ; Evensong 7:30. Holy Baptism at any service.

All seats free and unappropriated.

His Limit.

He brought up coal and chopped the wood
with wonderful sauvity,
And laid down carpets all day long with
Christian fortitude ;
He listened to his wife's rebukes with unresented gravity,
And left his bed at midnight to prepare
the baby's food.

At elevating heated air he showed great
versatility,
And worked upon the furnace fire with
gratifying zeal ;
In mollifying servants he displayed immense
ability,
And when they left he stirred around and
cooked and served each meal.

He gave his wife his wages with commendable consistency,
And when she sent him shopping he was
never known to fail ;
He kept on matching ribbons with Parkhurstian persistency,
And with great regularity her letters he
would mail.

He wore the garments that she made with
Spartan like agility ;
The neckties she selected he displayed
with courage rare ;
He sewed the buttons on his clothes with
wonderful docility,
And never touched the tidy when he sat
down in a chair.

But when he caught a cold one day, and
with sweet femininity
She put some goose oil on his chest and
fed him on quinine,
And piled up heated flannels 'round his
jugular vicinity,
He said he thought 'twas time indeed that
he should draw the line.

And when she tried parboiling each pedalian
extremity,
And with some porous plasters frescoed
him on either side,
He packed his grip one frosty night and
skipped for the Yosemite ;
And when he reached that milder clime
he laid him down and died.
—Tom Masson in New York Sun.

A Popular Weekly.

Among Canadian newspapers the commanding position occupied by *The Toronto Globe* is universally acknowledged. In enterprise it is unrivalled, as a news distributor it has no equal, as a leader of public opinion it exercises an influence that is felt from one end of the Dominion to the other. *The Weekly Globe*, with its varied departments—agricultural, commercial, serial stories, cable and general news, editorial and special articles—makes a most excellent home paper, and is deservedly popular in all parts of the country.

A Scotchman's Imprecation.

The following is not new but is worth preserving It is said to have been a prayer offered by a disappointed Scotchman shortly after reaching Canada : "O, Lord, we Thy disobedient children approach Thee this nicht i' the attitude o' prayer (an' likewise o' complaint) When we came tae Canady, we expectit tae fin' a lan' flowin' wi' milk an' honey. Instead o' that we f'und a place peopled wi' ungodly Irish. Scoor them out ; draw them ower the mooth o' the bottomless pit ; but ye needna let them drap in, drive them tae the uttermost parts o' Canady rather, make them hewers o' wud an' drawers o' water ; but, O Lord, ne'er mak' them magistrates, members o' parliament, nor any kind o' rulers ower the people An', O Lord, gine ye has got any lan' tae gie awa, gie it tae Thine ain peculiar people, the Scotch. An' the glory will be a' Thine ain.—Amen.

Motor Carriages.

The day of the horseless carriage may be coming, but it has not yet arrived. It is true that there are a few motor carriages in existence, but none of them have so far fulfilled, in a satisfactor manner, the conditions required, and, except as a fad for the moment, few persons who possess comfortable carriage and a good pair of horses would care to put them away in favor of the noisy, ill-smelling, gasoline-propelled carriages that seem to be the best of the motor carriages yet invented.

We do not mean to say that inventors will not be able to discover satisfactory methods of propelling carriages without horses. We fully expect that they will, but we fancy that electricity will be the motive power that will be in favor At present, the storage batteries for this take up too much room and make the carriage cumbersome, but further discoveries may remedy this defect.—*From "Farming" for December.*

Self Denial Week.

We are requested to again draw the attention of the readers of this paper to the fact that the Salvation Army throughout the Dominion is now in the midst of its Self Denial week. Every member is actively engaged in bringing about a decisive victory as far as financial results are concerned. To this end special collections are being taken in their open air and in door meetings ; collectors are calling from door to door, leaving daintily printed pamphlets and appeals ; friends and soldiers are armed with collecting cards ; hundreds of neat little sacks have been distributed throughout the country, especially in Ontario. By all these methods the Army expects to raise the sinews of war. The public should understand that the army has opened two more Food and shelter depots for poor men during the last twelve months, and other institutions of the kind will be opened. Donations can be given to the local officers or collectors, or sent to Commandant Booth, Salvation Temple, Toronto.

The December Number of the Delineator

is called the Christmas Number and is filled with holiday good things. The exposition of winter styles is complete, and the season's millinery is attractively presented. There is a special holiday article on Dolls and their Dressing, and another on Novel Home-made Christmas Gifts, a theme pleasantly supplemented by the conclusion of Tilie Roome Littell's account of how to make paper brownies, and by a chatty glance at current novelties in Around the Tea Table. Mrs. Reger A. Pryor delightfully chaperones her readers to society breakfasts, luncheons and suppers. The practical side of the Christmas dinner has an exposition all its own, while the Christmas turkey itself figures in an amusing sketch of Cabin Life in the South, by Lucia M Robbins. Henry C Wood tells how some bright young people of the Blue Grass Region celebrated Christmas at "Happy Valley," and a helpful article on carving completes the tribute to the day. Henry C. Lahee of the New England Conservatory of Music, gives experienced advice on Piano Tuning as an occupation for women. Harriet Keith Forbes treats of burnt work upon Ivory, while Sara Miller Kirby concludes the present series of papers on Kindergarten Work, the great success of which has caused a supplementary series of three to be arranged for. Floral work for the month, a look into the newest books and a review of novelties in knitting, tatting and lacemaking are among the other features.

Subscription price of the Delineator is $1.00 per year or 15c per single copy: Address all communications to The Delineator Publishing Co., of Toronto, Limited, 33 Richmond St., West, Toronto, Ont.

The Art of Giving.

"The passion of Money-Getting" is the topic of Dr. Charles H Parkhurst's paper in the December *Ladie's Home Journal*. In discussing one phase of his theme he says :

A man cannot be trusted to do right in this (the art of giving) or in any other particular, till he can do right easily, that is to say until it has become his habit to do right Giving can not be left to impulse any more than spelling can be left to impulse. We have seen what might be called impulsive spellers, and they make just the same wrecked work with orthography as impulsive giving makes with charity. Nor is the purpose subserved by putting into the child's hands as a gratuity the money that he is expected to bestow as a beneficence. Merely letting money go through his hands will not make him charitable any more than letting water slip through a led pipe will make the led fertile. The act that is going to strengthen the little boy-giver or the little girl-giver in the direction of a matured generous disposition must be an act in which the actor feels that he is parting with something that is his own, not something he is merely handling in the capacity of an agent. It is a very common thing, if there is a beggar at the door to whom pittance is to be given, or a gathering in the church or the Sunday School where the contribution box is to be passed, for a child to obtain from its father or mother the requisite penny, and then for the child and parent both to imagine that the child was somewhat involved in and disciplined by the penny's conferment. The child in the Sunday School does not learn to give in that way and more than the child in the spelling class learns to spell by the bare mimicry of the letters that the teacher herself puts into the child's mouth.

We learn to spell by making the spelling-act our act. We learn to give by making the giving-act our act. It is hoped that this truism will touch a vibrating cord in the intelligences and hearts of parents. The world is full of moneyed men, but really, great as is the amount bestowed in benefaction, it sustains a very feble ratio to the amount that men and women bestow on themselves : and it is not because these people are intentionally sordid and have no blood in their hearts, but because years ago, when they were children, their parents imagined that while schooling would be necessary in order to qualify their off spring to read and write, no schooling in particular would be necessary in order to educate them into the far more difficult capability of parting with their own possessions in the interests of and for the betterment of others ; safeguarding the lesser, trusting to chance for the greater.

Craven.

(From an Occasional Correspondent.)

The farmers in this district are contemplating supplying a long felt want in the shape of a warehouse for shipping grain at this point. A meeting is to be held at the post office, Longlaketon, on Saturday night to decide whether or not the project will be carried through. Subscriptions of two dollars and upwards are being freely advanced ; in fact farmers within eight miles of Regina are giving it their support

Messrs Brown Bros. spent last week at their ranche helping Mr. Billy Hamilton to dress eighteen fine hogs. We understand they have sold the meat in Regina at a good figure.

Mr. Coas. and Frank Benny have again taken out their threshing outfit to do the remaining jobs on the west side of Long Lake.

Mr Bubby was unfortunate in getting his separator upset while coming down the Boswell hill a few days since, and had to make a trip to town for the N.-W. Government derrick to right her up again.

We understand that several dances are on the tapis for the near future in this neighborhood.

Mr. J. W. Silverthorn was fortunate last week in shooting two fine deer Mr. S. always gets there when there is anything to shoot.

Catarrh Relieved in 10 to 60 Minutes.—One short puff of the breath through the Blower, supplied with each bottle of Dr. Agnew's Catarrh Powder, diffuses this Powder over the surface of the nasal passages. Painless and delightful to use, it relieves instantly, and permanently cures Catarrh, Hay Fever, Colds, Headache, Sore Throat, Tonsilitis and Deafness. 50 cents. Sold by W. W. Bole.

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Furniture of all kinds. Pictures, Mouldings, and Undertaking supplies constantly on hand.

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EX-MEMBER of PARLIAMENT
REUBEN E. TRUAX



Hon. Reuben E. Truax, one of Canada's ablest thinkers and statesmen, a man so highly esteemed by the people of his district that he was honored with a seat in Parliament, kindly furnishes us for publication the following statement, which will be most welcome to the public, inasmuch as it is one in which all will place implicit confidence. Mr. Truax says :

"I have been for about ten years very much troubled with Indigestion and Dyspepsia, have tried a great many different kinds of patent medicines, and have been treated by a number of physicians and found no benefit from them. I was recommended to try the Great South American Nervine Tonic. I obtained a bottle, and I must say I found very great relief, and have since taken two more bottles, and now feel that I am entirely free from Indigestion, and would strongly recommend all my fellow-sufferers from the disease to give South American Nervine an immediate trial. It will cure you.

"REUBEN E. TRUAX,
"Walkerton, Ont."

It has lately been discovered that certain Nerve Centres, located near the base of the brain, control and supply the stomach with the necessary nerve force to properly digest the food. When these Nerve Centres are in any way deranged the supply of nerve force is at once diminished, and as a result the food taken into the stomach is only partially digested, and Chronic Indigestion and Dyspepsia soon make their appearance.

South American Nervine is so prepared that it acts directly on the nerves. It will absolutely cure every case of Indigestion and Dyspepsia, and is an absolute specific for all nervous diseases and ailments. It usually gives relief in one day.

Its powers to build up the whole system are wonderful in the extreme. It cures the old, the young, and the middle-aged. It is a great friend to the aged and infirm. Do not neglect to use this precious boon ; if you do, you may neglect the only remedy which will restore you to health. South American Nervine is perfectly safe, and very pleasant to the taste. Delicate ladies, do not fail to use this great cure, because it will put the bloom of freshness and beauty upon your lips and in your cheeks, and quickly drive away your disabilities and weaknesses.

Dr. W. Washburn, of New Richmond, Indiana, writes: "I have used South American Nervine in my family and prescribed it in my practice. It is a most excellent remedy."

For Sale by **W. W. BOLE,**
Moose Jaw N.W.T.

RESOURCES OF ALGOMA.

A COUNTRY EXCEEDINGLY RICH IN GOLD AND SILVER.

Great Development in Mining Going On—Good Land for Agricultural Purposes—Rapid Increase of Population—Interview With Mr. S. J. Dawson.

Mr. S. J. Dawson, in an interview with a newspaper reporter the other day, gives the following interesting information about Algoma:—

"The population of Algoma," said the ex-member, "has very rapidly increased. When I was first elected to Parliament in 1875, the white people only numbered 5,000, although there was a considerable Indian population. By 1881 the population had increased five times, and in the period since then it has more than doubled, there being now 28,000 persons in Eastern and 22,000 in Western Algoma. Rightly, Algoma should be represented by two members in the Dominion Parliment. One constituency, Eastern Algoma, would comprise the two provisional judicial districts of Sault Ste. Marie and Manitoulin and Western Algoma the other constituency, would be made up of the two provisional judicial districts of Thunder Bay and Rainy River. The settlers are all well off, and such a thing as want is unknown. In the winter lumbering gives employment to the settlers right at their very doors, and in the summer farming pursuits keep them busy, the soil in many places being so rich as to yield an abundance of products. Eastern Algoma has been favored with very good crops, and the population is increasing very rapidly. Manitoulin and St. Joseph's Island are both filling up with population. The former now comprises seventeen townships, besides large tracts set apart as Indian reserves. The kind of settlers wanted are

GOOD FARMERS.

They can come in and establish themselves with much less capital than in the prairie country, for there is plenty of timber for building log houses, and there is any amount of employment during the winter. On St. Joseph's Island, where there is not an acre of bad land, the settlers are now well off, and possess a substantial share of this world's goods although when they came in they were as poor as they could be. On the north shore of Manitoulin Island are settled a large number of people from the more populous centres of the province. They came well provided with capital, and have several saw mills in operation, which give employment to many persons."

"What about the climate?" the reporter suggested.

"The climate of Thunder Bay is as well adapted for the growth of cereals of all kinds as other parts of Canada, and root crops are always especially good. There is no finer agricultural district than the Manitoulin islands and the region around the Spanish river."

"Is the winter not one of much severity?"

"The winter in Algoma is not nearly so cold as it is in Winnipeg and the North-West. It is pretty cold on the north shore of Lake Superior, but on the whole the weather is not too cold in winter, while it is exceedingly pleasant in summer. At Port Arthur we have an ideal winter. The proximity of a great body of fresh water prevents intense cold, and yet the temperature is sufficiently low to prevent frequent thaws."

DEVELOPMENT IN MINES.

"How is the development of the mines progressing?"

"In the Lake of the Woods district there has been a great deal of development going on. The mines have been very successful of late, and many more are likely to be in operation this fall. Lots of machinery is on the way, and it is said that before the advent of winter 196 stamps will be at work crushing for gold. The two mines now in operation are doing exceedingly well, and are sending down gold bricks to the bank every week. In the Rainy Lake district explorations are now going on, and machinery is being forwarded so that steady work may proceed. The discoveries are extending. Belts of gold-bearing rock have been found clear down to Shebandowan lake, on the Dawson route, 45 miles west of Port Arthur. These are the same belts which pass the old Huronian mine, which was at one time operated, but was abandoned owing to the difficulty of obtaining access to it. There can be no doubt there is a great deal of gold throughout that country, and there is a splendid future in store for it. Discoveries of gold have been made east of Port Arthur, at Jackfish bay not far from the Canadian Pacific railway. From McKellar's gold mine the lodes have been traced further inland, and free gold in paying quantities is being found. With respect to silver mining, reports from Rapid mountain and other points about thirty miles south-west of Port Arthur seem to indicate there would be much development if a rise in the price of silver took place. There used to be great rivalry in the old days between Port Arthur and Fort William," said Mr. Dawson. "That is now at an end, because both towns are practically united, as they are connected by electric cars, which make the journey from one point to another in twenty minutes."

The Poultry Industry.

Prince Edward Island makes $200,000 this year through the butter and cheese industries. The expenditure on promotion and education was trifling; the results enormous. It is to be hoped that the Government will direct its attention to other branches of agriculture. There is the poultry industry, as an example. England purchased $22,000,000 worth of eggs last year from France, Denmark, and Continental countries. We can get some of these millions if our farmers will keep the fowls which lay the large eggs, and if eggs are sent over in good condition for the English market. What is wanted is instruction in the business of keeping the right kind of poultry, of feeding it to the best advantage, and of marketing the eggs. Along with egg exportations will of course, go poultry exportations. For poultry there is also a large market in England. Mr. Gilbert, of the Poultry Department, is already doing excellent work. But he can do more, and with great benefit, if the opportunity and the facilities for doing it are afforded him.

Russian royal palaces have suffered visitations from fire and burglars.

THE BULLY WAS SATISFIED.

A Hand Shake Brought the Blood Spouting Out at the Tops of His Fingers.

Physical size and grand proportions are looked upon by the French Canadians with great respect, and the doings of their "big men" are treasured in traditionary lore. Where gangs of raftsmen congregate, their "captains" may be recognized by their superior stature. One famous fellow of this governing class Joe Monfaron by name, was the bully of the Ottawa raftsmen. He was about six feet six inches high, and proportionally broad and deep. Among other feats of strength attributed to him is one recounted in "Picturesque Quebec."

There was a fighting stevedore, or "timber-tower," at Quebec, who had never seen Joe Monfaron, as he seldom came farther down the river than Montreal. This fighting character, however, made a custom of laughing to scorn all rumors about the terriole chastisement inflicted by Joe upon several persons at once. He, the fighting timber-tower, hadn't found his match about the Tumbercoves at Quebec, and he only wanted one chance at Joe Monfaron.

Then one day, a giant in a red shirt stood suddenly before him, saying:

"You're Dick Dempsey, eh?"

"That's me," replied the timber-tower; "and who are you?"

"Joe Monfaron. I heard you wanted me—here I am," was the Cæsarean answer of the great captain of rafts.

"Ah! you're Joe Monfaron!" said the bully, a little staggered at the sort of customer he saw before him. "I said I'd like to see you, for sure; but how am I to know you are the right man?"

"Shake hands first," replied Joe, "and then you will find out, maybe."

They shook hands—rather warmly, perhaps, for the comfort of the timber-tower, whose features wore an uncertain expression during the operation, and who at last broke out into a yell of pain as Joe cast him off with a defiant laugh. Nor did the bully wait for any further explanations; for whether the man who had just brought the blood spouting out at the tops of his fingers was Joe Monfaron or not, he was clearly an ugly customer, and had better be left alone.

BIBLE PROBLEMS.

Give chapter and verse of the first case of medical treatment mentioned in the Bible, where a plaister of figs was recommended as a cure for boils.

The LADIES' JOURNAL is offering the following series of valuable articles to those who answer this problem correctly:—

FIRST REWARDS.

To the first person sending a correct answer will be given a Fine-toned Rosewood Piano, by one of our best Canadian makers, valued at four hundred dollars.

2 to 6—Five Handsome Gold Watches (lady or gentleman's size, as preferred).
7 to 16—Ten Silver Watches, lady or gents'.
17 to 36—Twenty Open Face Solid Nickel, Heavy Bevelled Crystal Watches.
37 to 66—Thirty half-dozen Triple-Plated Tea Spoons.
67 to 103—Forty dozen Nickel Tea Spoons.
107 to 139—Forty-four Handsome Gem Rings.

MIDDLE REWARDS.

To the person sending the middle correct answer in the whole competition will be given number one of the following list of prizes:

1—A Handsome Piano, valued at four hundred dollars.
2—One Silver Tea Set (4 pieces) Quadruple plate.
3—One complete Set Dickens (15 vols.)
4 to 11—Eight beautifully bound books (History of the Bible).
12 to 25—Fourteen Handsome Gold Thimbles.
26 to 92—Sixty-seven Testaments, handsomely bound.
93 to 125—Thirty-three Solid Silver Thimbles.
126 to 140—Fifteen dozen Dinner Knives (quadruple plate).
141 to 160—Twenty Handsome Silver-plated Cake Baskets.
161 to 180—Twenty half-dozen Table Spoons (extra quality).
181 to 195—Fifteen Silver Tete-a-Tete Sets (quadruple plate).
196 to 200—Five Silver Tea Services (4 pieces) quadruple plate.

CONSOLATION REWARDS.

The last one hundred persons sending correct answers will be awarded prizes as follows:—

1 to 10—Ten half-dozen Tea Spoons (Triple Silver Plated).
11 to 20—Ten Open Face Solid Nickel Watches.
21 to 40—Twenty Silver Thimbles.
41 to 61—Twenty half-dozen Table Spoons (Silver Plated).
61 to 90—Thirty Testaments (Morocco Bound).
91 to 97—Seven Pair Silver Sugar Tongs.
98—One Complete Set Cooper (16 vols.)
99—One Black Silk Dress.
100 (or last)—Fine Toned Rosewood Piano, valued at four hundred dollars.

Each person competing must be or become an actual subscriber to the LADIES' JOURNAL. Present subscribers competing will have their term extended one year for the eighty cents sent. If you send one dollar it will pay for fourteen months subscription.

The regular subscription price is one dollar per year, but during the term of this competition, which remains open only until the 16th of December, inclusive, subscriptions will be received at the rate of eighty cents per year, or two for one dollar and fifty cents.

The JOURNAL has been established for fifteen years, and is thoroughly reliable in every respect, and is cheap at one dollar per year.

Every person who competes cannot get a prize, but those who do not will get good value for their eighty cent investment, and all the above articles, as far as they go, will be given to those whose answers are correct.

No charges will be exacted, beyond the subscription price named, from those who succeed in obtaining rewards.

The list of successful competitors will be published in the issue of the JOURNAL following the close of the competition.

Ten days after the date of closing of the competition will be given for letters to reach the LADIES' JOURNAL office from distant points, but they must all be postmarked not later than the 16th December.

This competition is revived, after about five years' silence, only at the solicitation of the many subscribers and friends of the LADIES' JOURNAL. These prizes have heretofore been given to agents for getting up clubs, but they (the prizes) are now offered direct to the public, and we know that the winners will be well pleased with the articles offered.

Of the thousands of persons who gained rewards in previous competitions, word is yet to be received from a dissatisfied competitor. Address, The LADIES' JOURNAL, 73 Adelaide St. W., Toronto, Canada.

The Power of Electricity.

By this agency Nerviline is made to penetrate to the most remote nerve—every bone, muscle and ligament is made to feel its beneficent power. Nerviline is a wonderful remedy, pleasant to even the youngest child, yet so powerfully far reaching in its work that the most agonizing internal or external pain yields as if by magic.

A YOUNG GIRL'S TRIALS.

Her Parents Had Almost Given Up Hope of Her Recovery.

Pale and Emaciated, Subject to Severe Headaches, She Was Thought to Be Going Into a Decline—Now the Picture of Health and Beauty.

From the Richibucto, N. B., Review.

There are very few people, especially among the agriculturists of Kent County, N. B., who do not know Mr. H. H. Warman, the popular agent for agricultural machinery, of Molus River. A Review representative was in conversation with Mr. Warman recently, when the subject of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills was incidently touched upon. Mr. Warman said he was a staunch believer in their curative properties, and to justify his opinion he related the cure of his sister, Miss Jessie Warman, aged 15, whom he said had been "almost wrested from the grave by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills." Miss Warman had been suffering for nearly a year with troubles incident to girlhood. She suffered



"A PICTURE OF BEAUTY AND HEALTH."

from severe and almost constant headaches, dizziness, heart palpitation, and was pale and bloodless, and eventually became so weak and emaciated that her parents thought that she was in consumption, and had all but given up hope of her recovery. Her father, Mr. Richard Warman, who is a well-to-do farmer, spared no expense to procure relief for the poor sufferer. The best available medical advice was employed, but no relief came, and although the parents were almost in despair, they still strove to find the means of restoring their loved one to health. Mr. Warman, like everybody else who reads the newspapers, had read of the many marvellous cures affected by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, but like some others, looked upon these stories as "mere patent medicine advertisements." However, as everything else had failed he determined that Pink Pills should be given a trial, with a result no less marvellous than that of many other cases related through the press. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have completely cured the young lady, so that in a few months, from a helpless and supposedly dying girl, she has become a picture of health and activity. The Warman family is so well known in this part of the country that no one would think of disputing any statement made by any of its members. Mr. H. H. Warman, on account of his business as salesman for agricultural machinery, is pertonally acquainted with nearly everybody in the county, and we feel assured that any enquires made of him concerning the statements made above will be readily answered.

The gratifying results following the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, in the case of Miss Warman, prove that they are unequalled as a blood builder and nerve tonic. In the case of young girls who are pale or sallow, listless, troubled with a fluttering or palpitation of the heart, weak and easily tired, no time should be lost in taking a course of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which will speedily enrich the blood and bring a rosy glow of health to the cheeks. They are a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities, and all forms of weakness. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excesses of whatever nature.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold in boxes (never in loose form by the dozen or hundred) at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50, and may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company at either address.

OVERJOYED WITH THE RESULT.

Compelled to Give Up Business Because of Nervous Debility—Lumberman E. Errett, of Morrickville, Ont., Was Restored to Perfect Health by South American Nervine.—"I cannot Say Enough in Praise of South American Nervine." Are His Own Words.



The joy of a grateful heart will break through all conventionalities. It cannot be suppressed. The man who has been rescued, it may be, from a watery grave, must ever be thankful to his brother man who saved his life. This is the feeling of Mr. E. Errett, lumber merchant and mill owner, of Merrickville, Ont., towards the discoverer of South American Nervine.

Mr. Errett did not think that anything stood between him and the grave. Prostrated by nervous debility, he was forced to withdraw from active business. "I tried," said he, "several doctors, and everything in the shape of proprietary medicines, and got little, if any, relief from them. Having seen South American Nervine advertized, I decided to give it a trial, and I can truthfully say I had not taken half a bottle before I found beneficial effects. I have taken in all about twelve bottles, and I feel justified in stating that this medicine did for me all that the manufacturer claims for it. Before taking it, I not only had to give up business, but I really could not sign my own name, either with pen or pencil, my nervous system was so badly out of kilter. I am sure there are a great number of people in this country to-day suffering as I did, to whom I will say: 'Get a bottle of this wonderful medicine,' and I feel satisfied they will sound its praises as loudly as I am prepared to do. The fact is I cannot say enough in praise of South American Nervine. I am so overjoyed as what it has done for me, I will never be without it in my house. I give this testimony freely and cheerfully, and wish South American Nervine success, and have no doubt as it becomes more widely known it will be still better appreciated."

It is not too much to say that South American Nervine is a saver of life. It saves many from death, and its frequent use at certain seasons of the year, will head off disease and prolong life.

A Delicate Slicer.

Guest—Do you have machines for making these Saratoga chips?

Waiter—No, sah. Th' fust assistant cook shaves 'em off wif er knife.

I don't see how he gets them so uniformly thin.

He useter be dah rosa' beef carver in er boardin' house.

Where Streets are Good.

Mr. Citiman—What fine roadways you have.

Mr. Suburb—Yes, the city contractors haven't got this far yet.

A Determined Woman

recently knocked down a burglar and held him until the arrival of assistance, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is a medicine that checks the frightful inroads of Scrofula, and, if taken in time, arrests the march of Pulmonary Consumption. It cures indigestion and dyspepsia, chronic diarrhœa and similar ailments. This wonderful medicine has also gained great celebrity in curing fever and ague, chills and fever, dumb ague, and like diseases.

Asthma cured by newly discovered treatment. Address, for free pamphlet, testimonials and references, World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

The Island of Crete is in a state of anarchy.

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Neatly describes the position of a hard or soft corn when Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor is applied. It does its work so quickly and without pain that it seems magical in action. Try it. Recollect the name—Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. Sold by all druggists and dealers everywhere.

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HOOD'S Sarsaparilla

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Even when all other preparations and prescriptions fail.

"The face of my little girl from the time she was three months old, broke out and was covered with scabs. We gave her two bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla and it completely cured her. We are glad to recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla." THOS. M. CARLING, Clinton, Ontario. Be sure to

Get Hood's

Hood's Pills easy to buy easy to take easy in effect. 25 cents.

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is weakening. You cannot afford to fall below your healthy weight. If you will take Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil with Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda when your friends first tell you you are getting thin, you will quickly restore your healthy weight and may thereby prevent serious illness.

Persons have been known to gain a pound a day by taking an ounce a day of Scott's Emulsion. This seems extraordinary; but it is absolutely true.

Don't be persuaded to accept a substitute!

Scott & Bowne, Belleville. 50c. and $1.

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Consumers should ask for, and be sure that they get, the genuine Walter Baker & Co.'s goods.

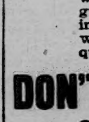
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GERMAN BREAST BALSAM,
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OVER 50 SIZES AND STYLES OF CHAINS
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wasting your money on the tobacco habit. You can't afford it. It will keep you poor—poor in purse and poor in health. Stop it with the aid of NO-TO-BAC. Lay the foundation for a fortune and health.

BURNING YOUR MONEY!

The poor men of America burned and chewed up $600,000,000 worth of tobacco-money last year. You helped. Great tobacco trusts absorb millions at the expense of your nerve-force and manhood. Does it pay? Get cured—the money saved will

START A BANK-ACCOUNT.

NO-TO-BAC, original guaranteed tobacco habit cure, will help you. Sold by all druggists under absolute guarantee to cure. We will give you the guarantee in writing. If you haven't got the ready money, write to us and we will find a way to help you to a quick and easy cure.

DON'T TOBACCO SPIT AND SMOKE YOUR LIFE AWAY.

That's the title of our little booklet sent for the asking with a free sample of NO-TO-BAC and written guarantee of cure. Write a line today.

THE STERLING REMEDY CO., Chicago, Montreal, Can., New York.

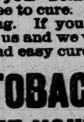
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NEW FRENCH DISCOVERY—Apparatus and Oil from $10 to $50. Oil can be kept for several years. See certificates of cures obtained—Published in the Montreal papers.
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"ALEXANDRE." Specialist of Paris
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DUNN'S BAKING POWDER
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The largest stock in Canada to choose from. Get our prices before purchasing elsewhere, and save money. Send for Catalogues, mentioning goods required.
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CURRENT NOTES.

A western philosopher prophesies that the time is rapidly approaching when men will be relieved from all arduous labor by new applications of the inanimate forces of nature, and more especially electricity, which will be put at our service through discovery and invention. Twenty years from now, he says, there will be no more hard manual labor in civilization. The present tendency, unquestionably, looks that way, even if the end he foresees is not reached in so short a time as he fancies. Steam and electricity have already taken off the shoulders of men many of the heaviest burdens once borne by them. They have replaced human strength in lifting building materials, in loading ships, in agricultural operations, and in many other fields where formerly it was put to its severest strain. They have also largely superseded the power of horses, and thus those animals, so long associated with man in the heaviest work of the world, are sharing with him the relief afforded by the use of these inanimate agencies. And yet the Millennium has not made its appearance.

Another advantage enjoyed by this generation will be increased and extended in equal measure during the next few years. A contemporary refers to a report that preparations are making to put on the market next year a large supply of bicycles at greatly reduced prices. It is presumable that before many years their cost will decline like that of the sewing machine and that of clocks and watches, until it is brought within the means of almost everybody. The rich man with the fleetest horses and the grandest equipage will have no advantage over the poor man in possessing the means of travelling rapidly over the roads. Both of them will have their own private vehicles, and each can ride when he is so inclined. Invention and competition, besides reducing the cost of the bicycle, will provide for its propulsion by other moters than muscular strength, so that the rider will enjoy luxurious ease at a trifling expense of money. The burdens men carried on their shoulders or in their hands they can transport with the aid of machinery, and they can extend greatly the area within which it is possible for them to pursue their activities. The nursery rhyme talks of the time when beggars will ride and veritably that day is approaching.

The application of electricity to public transportation will largely reduce its cost to those who provide it and those who use it. The running expense of all machinery will be decreased greatly, so that it will be made available for multitudes of private uses for which the muscles of man and brute are now employed. The main part of the drudgery of civilization will be done by the forces of nature harnessed for human assistance, and the exemption from exhausting physical labor once enjoyed by the few only will be shared by all. As it is, under the present progress of science and mechanics, the poor man has ease and luxuries formerly denied to even the richest and the grandest. The markets of the humblest and most crowded districts now supply in abundance fruits and meats which not many years ago were rarely obtainable even by the most prosperous; and as the cost of production and transportation decreases, these will be still further multiplied and brought within the means of the people universally.

Perhaps the dream of the Socialist of a time when all the material blessings of life shall be extended so that they can be shared by all in their fulness, may yet be realized; but the fulfillment will be brought about by the very means socialism would destroy; by capital, competition, and the impulse which seeks for individual superiority. It will not come from the average ability of the mass, but from the superior ability of the few, whence has come the general advancement of mankind in all ages. It will not come from checking individual faculties, so as not to best your mates, according to the labor union principle, but from the eager striving to best your mates, and to get to the top, no matter if others cannot attain the height until you have shown them how, and have given the means of rising to the summit of advantage. And, after all, misery, sickness, poverty, and the effects of stupidity and vice will remain in the world.

Take It Easy.

A French doctor's conclusion is that no one should ride a bicycle who has a tendency to excessive tension of the arterial system, for this tendency is a great cause of heart disease. Therefore, no one should take up the use of the wheel without the express authorization of a physician; and the doctor should make an examination not only before the patient begins to use the wheel, but after he has ridden it for a time. Moreover, the amateur should never ride at a high speed. If one's riding is regular and daily, one may go faster and further with safety; but if riding is interrupted even for a few days, one must take it up again with caution and deliberation. The temptation to go fast should be steadily resisted.

A Turk named Calphas, who thinks that the Czar of Russia and the Sultan of Turkey owe him large sums of money, has a curious method in Paris of calling attention to his claims. He goes to the Russian church on festival days and pretends to shoot himself. Several times he has been taken from the church to a hospital, where it was found that the pistol he had used was harmless.

Marshal Field, it is reported, made $7,000,000 in the dry goods trade last year.

THE FARM.

The Essentials for Winter Dairying.

"I find that winter dairying is being more generally adopted every season, and in the fall of the year some farmers who have never tried it before are making preparations for the work. Last winter a great many dairymen went into winter dairying on a small scale, and I have yet to hear of one who found the work disappointing," says an exchange. "Despite this annual increase of the ranks, there are still comparatively few engaged in this work, either through ignorance or a fear to attempt anything new.

"I have found that more depends upon the kind of cow one has for winter dairying, than in summer dairying, and the animals destined for this work cannot be selected too carefully. If you intend to ship milk to the city, a good milk-producing cow above all else should be tried. The cows should calve sometime in August, and the heifers can be raised for the winter market with considerable profit. In August the green grass is generally dried up pretty well, and as the cows must have food at this time we must depend upon the green corn. Good fodder corn planted so as to be ready for eating in August and September makes the best sort of food for the mother cows. The corn will make the milk flow freely, and this is the greatest sign of success in the undertaking. If the cows do not have green, succulent food at this time they will dry up and never pay much for their winter keeping. The silo should be filled with good corn and grass so that the ensilage can be fed out as soon as frost has put an end to the green corn. The ensilage should be in sufficient quantity to keep the cows in excellent condition until green grass comes again the following spring.

"The rations of the cows engaged in winter dairying should be daily about twenty-five to thirty pounds of ensilage, and two and a half pounds of coarse middlings morning and night, and two or three pounds of clover hay at noon. This ration with plenty of fresh water and salt, will keep the cows in splendid condition, and make them yield a good quantity of rich milk and cream through the whole winter. If one has roots and cabbages on hand to feed to the cows, they will help to make the diet more varied, and the cows will appreciate the change. But generally the above ration is satisfactory, and it is not a difficult one to prepare. The middlings should be bought at the season of the year when the cheapest, and in a large quantity if any reduction can thus be obtained. The water for the cows to drink should average a temperature of about fifty-four degrees, and on cold days it must be warmed to this point. Ice cold water will chill the udder, and check the flow of milk.

The cows should be put into the barn nights just as soon as cool weather is here. They need this shelter to enable them to do their best. The barn and yard should be kept as clean and sweet as possible. When the weather gets colder the cracks in the barn and stable should be closed up, and winds and draughts kept out just as much as if you intended to sleep in the place yourself. Most of our barns and stables are too windy for any cow to live in through the winter with any degree of comfort. A free use of tarred paper all around the building will make a wonderful change. Then if the stable is an old fashioned one, built right on the ground, fill up the sides a foot or more with sawdust to keep the wind from sweeping up under the boards. The warmth and comfortableness of the stable will make quite a difference in the yield of milk during the cold weather."

Marketing Hogs.

A correspondent asks us: "When is the best time to market hogs? What is the best kind of hog to feed, and at what age should they be fit for the market?"

In answer, we would say that the best time to market hogs is when they are ready for market, irrespective of the time of year. At the present time, the best demand is for hogs ranging from 150 to 200 pounds, when dressed, and for these weights the packers will give better prices, provided that the pigs are of the long, lean kind, and not too fat. Some of the country buyers and shippers, it is true, do not discriminate between this class of pigs and others, but pay the same price for all they purchase, and they take care that the prices paid are on the basis of those paid by packers for hogs less suited for their business; that is to say, they pay lower prices than they should for the style of pig so much in demand.

Hogs should be ready for market when they are from six to ten months old, if they have been properly fed and pushed on. It is easy to get them to the required weights at those ages if the right kind of pigs are kept. After that time when those weights have been exceeded, more food will be required in order to secure the same amount of increase of flesh that had previously been made on less food, and, therefore, our correspondent will see that there will be more profit made by marketing his hogs before the period of increased feeding required arrives. A few years ago some feeders made a good deal of money by fattening pigs for marketing during the months of July, August and September, when the supply of hogs was light, and when, in consequence, prices were considerably higher than later in the year, when larger supplies come in. Now, however, owing to the increased number of cheese factories and creameries in the country, and the large number of hogs kept by them and by private individuals, in order to consume the whey and skim-milk during the summer, prices do not range as high as formerly in comparison with those paid at other seasons of the year, although considerable money is yet made by those who follow this course. The best advice that we can give to feeders is to market their hogs whenever they are ready for market, and not hold on to them too long after that period, in the hope prices will take an upward turn, as they are oftentimes quite as likely to go down.

Oats and Colts.

Feed some of the cheap oats to the right kind of colts and rest assured that the dawn of the coming century, in spite of all our modern ingenuity, the world will still be in need of equine motive power, and if the signs point aright it will command a premium, says C. F. Curtiss.

There is no better property on the farm to-day than a good colt and there never was a more opportune time to go into horse raising in earnest. Not in the old way, but with a higher standard of excellence. Let excellence be the sine qua non and let it begin in the brood mare. It is well that the class of brood mares in use a few years since have been discarded.

In starting anew let the man who wants to make money in horses endeavor not to produce horses cheaply, but to raise the the best horse that his surroundings will permit. It will be better to get one good pair of mares and breed only these than to raise a dozen common colts.

What a change could be wrought in the horse stock of the country by 1900 if as the horse business revives every well-to-do farmer would get even one pair of superior pure bred mares of some particular breed and breed them to sires of the highest excellence. There is no avenue in agriculture that offers surer returns or more permanent success.

Oats are an exceptionally valuable feed for horses. Other feeds will produce as much gain in live weight, but there is perhaps no single grain feed so well adapted to grow bone and muscle, and give stamina and endurance in horses, as oats. For this purpose it should be used liberally the coming winter.

A WAR ON THE WEEVIL.

HOW TO STAMP OUT THE INSECT GRAIN-DESTROYER.

Crops Worth Millions of Dollars Destroyed Every Year—The Little Pests Live Unseen in the Grain, and Nibble Away the Kernels—New Remedies.

The pernicious weevils are making themselves so obnoxious that experts are now engaged in making a special study of them. Every year they destroy many millions of dollars' worth of stored cereals in granaries and elevators. In fact, the question how to fight them is one of serious and growing economic importance. Strange to say, very little scientific attention has been directed to these insects up to date, and not much is known about them.

There are about forty species of these insects, some of which are beetles and others moths. Nearly all of them are assisted immigrants, having been imported from abroad in cargoes of grain. In this manner they have been distributed by commerce to all parts of the world.

Three of the species actually live in the kerneis, while the others feed on the starchy contents. Grain infested by them is unfit for human consumption, and has been known to cause serious illness. It is poisonous to horses, and is not wholesome even for swine. Poultry, however, find it palatable and nutritious. The moths especially are so prolific that the progeny of a single pair in a twelve month will number many thousands, capable of destroying

SEVERAL TONS OF GRAIN.

Fortunately, the increase of these pests is checked to some extent by natural enemies among which are spiders that inhabit mill, and granaries. In the fields they are preyed upon by birds and bats.

One of the worst of these insects is the familiar "granary weevil," which is mentioned in the Georgics of Virgil. Its ravages made it known long before the Christian era. It is native to the region of the Mediterranean. Having been domesticated for so long a time it has lost the use of its wings. The female punctures the kernel with her snout and inserts an egg from which is hatched a little worm that lives in the hull and feeds on the starchy interior.

Quite as bad as this beetle is a moth that comes from the Mediterranean region also. The larva, which is known as the "fly weevil," does most injury to corn and wheat. In six months grain infested by it loses 40 per cent. in weight and 75 per cent. of its starchy matter. Incidentally, it is rendered totally unfit for food, and bread made from wheat infested by the insect is said to have caused an epidemic recently in France.

Another wicked imported bug is the "rice weevil." It originated in India, whence it has been distributed by commerce all over the world. At present it does as much harm as any other known insect. In the tropics generally it does enormous damage. Formerly, when long voyages were necessary in importing grain from the East, it frequently destroyed whole cargoes, having plenty of time to multiply. The adult beetles of this species cause much trouble in storehouses and groceries by invading boxes of crackers, cakes, yeast cakes and macaroni and barrels and bins of flour and meal. They can subsist for months on sugar, and sometimes they burrow into ripening peaches and grapes.

A new grain-destroyer has recently attracted attention, and has earned for itself the title of "scourge of the flour mill." It is the "Mediterranean flour moth." The caterpillars, spin webs which make the flour

CLOTTED AND LUMPY,

so that the machinery in the mills becomes clogged and has to be stopped for a considerable time. The larvae prefer flour or meal, but they flourish also on bran, prepared cereal foods and crackers.

Farmers are informed that the best remedy for such mischief is bisulphide of carbon, which may be applied in moderately tight bins by simply pouring the liquid into shallow pans or on bits of cotton waste and distributing them about on the surface of the grain. The stuff rapidly evaporates, and the vapor, being heavier than air, descends and permeates the mass of grain, killing all insects as well as rats and mice which it may contain.

In France a number of machines have been devised for the treatment of infested grain. Into these the grain is poured and either revolved while exposed to heat or subjected to a violent agitation, which kills the insects. Frequent handling of grain by shovelling, stirring or transferring from one receptacle to another is destructive to the moths, as they are unable to extricate themselves from the mass and perish in the attempt. The practice of storing grain in large bulk is also recommended, as the surface layers only become infested. Natives in India store their wheat in air-tight pits to preserve it from the rice weevil, and condemn ventilation. In Europe and America, on the other hand, ventilation is practised with decided benefit.

The problem of restoring to the world original and eternal beauty is solved by the redemption of the soul.—Emerson.

AWFUL TORTURES AT SEA.

A SAILOR MADE TO WEAR A CROSS OF CAPSTAN BARS.

The Frightful Tortures Suffered by Seamen—Official Devilry in Designing Cruel Punishment—Log of a Floating Hell—Men Turned Adrift in a South American Port.

The sailors on the American ship Benjamin Sewall, which came so near going to the bottom on the way to San Francisco, tell a vivid story about the brutal treatment of seamen who were forced to leave the vessel at Tame, Chile. When the ship got to that port in distress five sailors were told by the officers to leave. According to the statements of the seamen, the men who were thus discharged intended to have First Mate Smith and Second Mate Ostend arrested for cruelty on the high seas, but could not do it because there was no American Consul at Tame.

The men turned adrift in Chile were Seamen West, Smith, Rosser, Bismarck and John Graber. Rosser kept a log of the trip to show when the acts of brutality complained of were committed. This log was written at nights in the forecastle, and all the seamen testify the truth of its statements. Hardly a day passed that some seaman was not struck or punished in some peculiar and ingenious fashion. Rosser sent the log to San Francisco by one of the seamen with instructions to turn it over to the authorities, but this was not done.

On March 6, 10 days out of port, Mate Smith struck Frank Smith in the face four times and then made him sit in the lee scuppers four hours scraping paint.

A seaman called Bob by his mates, resisted the second mate, who was going to beat him. The two mates beat Bob insensible, and after he had returned to consciousness

TIED A CAPSTAN BAR

on his back, and made him work for 12 hours scraping and washing paint. There were two wounds in his head, from which blood flowed. The next day and the day following his punishment continued. Bob was compelled to eat his food in the poop, and was not allowed to go forward. Some of the sailors saw him, and his face was swollen and his eyes were bloody. He was kept on deck all night carrying his cross of capstan bars. The mate made him beat a tune on a tin can with handspikes. On this second day of torture the other sailors were compelled to lower Bob over the side to hook a mousing on the foresheet. The ship kept dipping him in the water, but he was kept there half an hour. The next day (Sunday) the cross was still kept on the seaman's back. Another sailor who had come in for a good share of the beatings, John Graber, was sent to the poop to read the Bible to Bob, while the mates stood by and laughed. Graber was also compelled to pray for the man with the cross on his back.

According to the seaman's log, from that time on Bob was given only about three hours' sleep a day. On March 12 Bob was sent aloft and made to cry, "Yes, sir; all right, sir," for half an hour. On the 17th the cross of capstan bars was removed by the captain's order.

On March 30th, while Frank Smith was at the wheel, he let the ship be taken back. Mate Smith struck him three times in the face, and then compelled him to put up tackle in the main lower rigging, and to hoist and lower himself for half an hour. All the time Smith was

CRYING FOR MERCY.

Mate Smith got after his old friend Bob again on April 1, and the log relates that the mate attacked him while sending down the mizzen royal yard, and, on getting him foul in the main waist, beat him over the naked back with a bight of rope until his back was black and blue, and covered with welts.

On April 23 the second mate, Ostend, knocked Graber down and poked him in the eyes with rope to wipe the tears away. Two days later a shed like a dog kennel was erected on the forward house for Smith to sleep in.

The log relates that on April 27 Mate Smith getting out of patience with Bob because he did not hear one of his commands, compelled him to take off his trousers on deck. The mate took the end of a broom handle, roughened with the carpenter's rasp, dipped it in hot tar and rubbed it over the sailor's legs until he howled with pain.

On May 5 Mate Smith struck Seaman Graber because he wore his coat while pulling in the main brace.

"After the ship was put on the other tack," says the log, "the chief mate lashed Graber's coat to his body and marlin-hitched his coat sleeves from the shoulders to the wrists so tight that it stopped the circulation of the blood in his arms. He did likewise with his trousers from the thighs to the ankles. Then he took a board one foot by two feet and wrote with chalk the words thereon: 'I am not cold; I am not sleepy. Toughey, toughey.' This was lashed to Graber's back. He was sent to the wheel, so the captain could see him, and was kept there until four bells."

The sailors were at times compelled to march two and two about the deck, carrying a flag and beating

A DECK BUCKET

for a drum—this by way of humiliation. When three of the crew fell ill, the mate compelled them to fasten tackle on each side of the main lower rigging and hoist themselves nine feet above the deck. Rosser was too weak to do it and was sent to the poop for punishment. He fell in a fit and Smith threw two buckets of cold water over him and had him dragged back to the forecastle. The mate took to carrying a pistol.

"This ship is a floating hell," is the language of the log. "What surprises all of us is that the Captain allows the mates to carry on this way. The capstan bar that Seaman Bob of the starboard watch carried for 22 days, off and on, weighed about 12 pounds. It was worse than a ball and chain and was never taken off him except when he was sent aloft, which was seldom."

D. T. Lochead, M. A., assistant master of English and modern languages at the Collegiate Institute, Hamilton, has been appointed head master of Caledonia High School.

A black serpent six feet nine inches in length was killed in the Otonabee river, at Rose's bridge, the other day. It was perfectly scaleless and not unlike a common black snake except in size.

SOMEWHAT CURIOUS.

Tahiti, in the South seas, is now lighted by electric lamps.

Fully 1,000,000 people and over 70,000 vehicles enter and leave London each day.

In the famous Garden of Olives at Jerusalem there are eight flourishing olive trees that are known to be over 1,000 years old.

The largest sheep ranch on the North America continent is one of 400,000 acres lying in the counties of Dimmit and Webb, Texas.

The largest steam shoveler in the world is at work in the phosphate beds of St. John Island, near Charleston, S. C. It weighs 56 tons.

An English firm has built a torpedo catcher which dashes through the water at the rate of 32 knots an hour. She is for the Russian government.

The "Pilgrim's Progress" was first published on the 31st of August, 1678, and on the same date ten years later its great author passed to his rest.

Prof. F. G. Plummer, of Tacoma, Wash., is authority for the statement that there are hundreds of trees in that vicinity upwards of 700 feet in height.

In Norway and Sweden before any couple can be legally married, certificates must be produced showing that both bride and bridegroom have been duly vaccinated.

Lilies of the valley in France are called "virgin's tears," and are said to have sprung up on the road between Calvary and Jerusalem during the night following the crucifixion.

A Chicago man has invented a steel spring tire, which he believes will succeed the pneumatic tire. This great achievement was in response to a demand for a contrivance which cannot be punctured.

Only once in the last fifteen years has the official income of the British attorney general been less than $50,000; in 1893-94 it was over $100,000, though the salary is $35,000 a year. The solicitor-general's salary is $30,000.

It is estimated that a man weighing 150 pounds, riding a bicycle at the rate of seven miles an hour, has a momentum of 1,500 pounds, leaving out of the account the weight of the wheel. This is sufficient to upset a pedestrian with terrible force.

The alphabets of the different nations contain the following number of letters: English 26, French 23, Italian 20, Spanish 27, German 26, Sclavonian 27, Russian 41, Latin 22, Greek 24, Hebrew 22, Arabic 28, Persian 32, Turkish 33, Sanscrit 50, Chinese 214.

One of the most singular peculiarities of the floral world is the evening primrose, which opens about 6 o'clock p.m. with an explosion, not very loud nor formidable, but still quite perceptible to any one who is watching the bud. It remains open all night.

The families of Japanese who fell in the late campaign against China are most anxious to possess some remains of their dead relatives, however mutilated. In one village the friends of a deceased soldier solemnly brought back a paper man fastened to a real leg—the only portion which could be found after the owner was killed by a shell.

About a million complete Bibles, and an equal number of prayer books, are issued by the Clarendon Press every year. There are 78 different editions of the Bible and 90 editions of the prayer book printed. The revised version does not sell one-tenth as well as the older version of 1611, while the revised New Testament, though it sold rapidly when first published, scarcely sells at all now.

WELL GUARDED.

The Money in the Bank of England Amply Protected.

Of the millions of pounds of treasure stored during the year in the banks of London, it is interesting to learn that, so careful and thorough is the system of surveillance that rarely more than a few thousands get into the hands of thieves and burglars. Modern locks, bolts and bars, aided by electricity and other scientific means, have caused hundreds of would-be bank burglars to retire or to spend many weary years under a sentence of penal servitude.

Few great banks in the world are so carefully guarded as the Bank of England. The "Old Lady of Threadneedle Street" keeps a good watch upon her treasures. One room alone—the specie room—is estimated to contain gold coins of the total value of £5,000,000. It is a large vault, around whose walls are numerous iron safes, containing bags of gold, each representing the value of £2,000. What the total of the Bank of England's contents may be it is difficult to say, but doubtless £20,000,000 would be a fair estimate. Day and night is this wealth rigorously guarded. Even if a burglar were able to pass the bank guards on duty during the night, he would find himself face to face with unexpected and insurmountable obstacles.

The safety of the Bank of England is further insured by a magnificent system of electric wires, all which communicate with the quarters of the bank guard and elsewhere. Once a burglar touched these wires he would set into motion bells whose sound would alarm every one within hearing distance, and the thief would fall an easy prey. The difficulties in the way of opening safes are also Homeric. Many of them made by Chubb, they will stand anything except dynamite.

Every bank and insurance company's office in London has its own strong room and safes, in which may be stored valuables, etc. The strong rooms of Coutts' bank are a sight to see, and if their contents could be revealed it would be found that more crowned heads than the queen deposit their moneys and valuables in that old establishment in the Strand. The newer banks probably possess even safer strong rooms, for in their instruction the latest improvements are incorporated.

The safes and deed boxes used by the safe deposit company are remarkable for their security. Deeds and share certificates representing a value of hundreds of thousands of pounds are stored in them, and most of the boxes are fitted with combination keys so constructed as to prevent anyone picking them or solving the combination puzzle, which is of a most intricate description.

In nearly every case the big banks are chary of speaking of the manner in which they keep their treasures. One bank permits only its managers and an assistant to visit certain strong rooms, while another, to guard against any tendency shown by the watchmen to fall asleep, presents its servants with chairs on which they can sit in a certain position. If one falls asleep and moves in the chair, the piece of furniture closes up and throws him upon the door. The result is that unless the watchmen can sleep standing or walking, the employers of the bank are bound to keep their eyes open.

THE HOME.

Their Help.

One would hardly think a family of eight ordinary, rollicking children could be called an ideal one; yet I believe there is a real family of that size which has honestly earned that title, writes a correspondent.

"You have good children," I exclaimed enthusiastically to Mrs. Kent, one day when visiting there.

"Yes," she answered, looking around on her eight hopefuls, "they are good, if I say so myself. I do not believe we have ever raised a hand against them. Love and firmness are always exercised thoroughly, and we find them much more effective than the methods many of our friends employ."

The weather was disagreeable and the children, the youngest but three, were housebound. From the quiet that prevailed one would think only one child was present. If one of them wished to speak to the mother he came quietly up to her and waited until there was a lull in the conversation; then, whispering his request, ran away to his play. The mother always greeted them with, "What is it dear?" and all she answered was "Yes" or "No." They seemed to understand that she meant what she said, and did not even pout when the answer displeased them.

"How do you manage to keep them all so quiet and busy," I asked.

"Well," she replied, "I always depend upon them to help me, even to the baby. They seem to think I could not keep house without their help. I never hire them by pennies because that makes them think work cannot be done without pay; but I sometimes surprise them by a nice treat which they enjoy immensely. I have taught the two oldest to be very careful with my dishes, so now I never have to wash one. I expect them to do it perfectly, and am rarely disappointed. My oldest boy is learning to cook, and you cannot imagine what a help he is. I believe boys should know how as well as girls. He scrubs nicely, so it is seldom I trouble myself about that. For a long time have done without hired help. Of course, it takes time to show and teach them, but I must exercise patience, and it pays in the end. Why even the Baby here runs errands for me, little as he is, and delights in doing it, too."

So that was the secret of her success. Many mothers would be wise to try the same plan and thereby save the many steps that weary her.

Another family I have in mind, not so large by three, is the noisiest of my acquaintance. The busy mother does not care to be bothered by her children's help or questions. They have nothing to employ them, and, as a consequence, quarrels and hard words are frequent. The mother intending to remedy this, promptly boxes their ears and sends them out to play. Next time they are together the same thing happens. Such a thing as performing a task with quiet and ease is utterly foreign to any child in that family, and one feels greatly relieved upon leaving the house. The children are good naturally, but mischievous like most of them, and, having no training and nothing to do, they fall into all sorts of plights, for which they are slapped or cuffed in a haphazard manner, and, of course, consider getting out of the way or dodging the threatening hand as a huge joke.

Contrast the two families. Certainly when respect is shown children they can be little ladies and gentlemen. In one family judgment is used in their training; they are quietly reasoned with when in the wrong, and the whys and wherefores the explained. In the other no more respect is shown them than would be given a lot of little puppies. No doubt one mother loves her children as well as the other, but one has solved the problem of training children properly and the other has not.

Children, like everything else in this world, grow as they are trained. Let them have certain hours for work before and after school, and plenty of play, and teach them in useful lines and they will be interested in what they do.

About Bread.

Almost all housekeepers find that nothing seems to accumulate so fast as stale bread. This is really no waste if taken care of properly. A splendid way is to gather all the scraps into a pan and place in the oven, when not very hot, to dry. When brown and dry, grate or roll them fine and put in a jar for future use. Crisp crumbs like this can be used for so many delicious dishes, and are always nice to roll patties and croquets in.

German Toast—Cut into slices stale white bread and soak ten or fifteen minutes in a pint of milk, into which are mixed two beaten eggs and a pinch of salt. Fry in equal parts of hot lard and butter until each slice is a golden brown and serve with jelly or sauce. This makes a delicious dish for breakfast.

Saratoga Biscuits.—Heat a pint of milk over the fire, and when hot enough to melt butter remove; add butter the size of a walnut, three well-beaten eggs, three tablespoonfuls of good yeast, a little salt, and flour enough to make a soft dough. Let them rise in a warm place for two or three hours. Make up into small biscuit or bun-shaped cakes, lay close together on a well-buttered tin, and bake for fifteen minutes in a quick oven.

Flour Gems.—One and one-half cupfuls of flour, one and one-half cupfuls of milk, one teaspoonful of butter, one egg, one and one-half teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Mix the flour and baking powder together, stir in the melted butter and the milk, and then the egg, well beaten. Beat the whole until light and foamy and with it nearly fill the gem pans, which should be hot and well buttered. Bake for fifteen minutes in a quick oven.

Graham Muffins.—One and one-half cupfuls of graham flour, one cupful of sour milk, one-half teaspoonful of soda, one egg, one-half teaspoonful of salt. Dissolve the soda in a teaspoonful of cold water; add it to the sour milk, beat the egg light, stir it into the milk, and then the flour and salt. Bake as directed in the preceding recipe.

Fine Prospect.

Didn't Smithett nearly talk you to death?"

"Yes; but it's ten years since I saw him, and he has to tell me all he knows."

"Well, it will take him another ten years to tell you all he doesn't know."

The wage earners of Rhode Island are 42 per cent. of the whole population.

Santa Claus' Headquarters

We are on top again with the BRIGHTEST, NEWEST, and CLEANEST stock of X'mas fancy goods, toys, dolls and presentation goods ever brought into Moose Jaw.

EVERYTHING ATTRACTIVE

Our store is the delight of the little ones. We cannot enumerate, but we can suit every requirement of the X'mas trade, come and see our tables and show cases. They are filled with good things.

W. W. BOLE.

The Moose Jaw Times.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1895.

LOCAL AND GENERAL NEWS.

Apples $4, $4.50 per brl, Robinson's.

J. Tucker, of Moosomin, was in town on Wednesday.

Robt. Barkley, Winnipeg, was in town this week in the interests of the Standard Oil Company.

When you pay for space in which to say something, see that you say something that will pay.—*Printer's Ink.*

Robinson has pure silk hkfs., 10c up.

Mr. Jas. Fisher, M P.P., is writing a series of letters on the Manitoba School Question, for a Winnipeg paper.

Mrs. McMillan is clearing out her entire stock of millinery, corsets, coats, silk embroidery, etc, at cost for cash only.—Advt.

The Court of Revision which was to have been held on Monday night last, was postponed till Monday evening, the 9th inst.

Mrs. Chas. Baker and family left on Tuesday for Minneapolis, where they will join Mr. Baker, who has been there for some time past.

Beautiful Japanese silk drapes at R.'s

Mr. J. S Ross, who has been visiting Mr. G. M. Annable for the past few weeks, left for his home in Ottawa on Tuesday evening.

It is reported that the city of Winnipeg is badly infected with typhoid fever. According to the *Nor'-Wester* there are over 300 cases in the city.

Mr. Walter Scott, of Rush Lake, gave the TIMES a friendly call on Tuesday. He says he must have the paper as long as he is in the country.

Call and see Robinson's X'mas display.

A good farmer is necessarily a better man than a poor farmer, for a man cannot be a really good farmer without possessing a majority of the cardinal virtues.

We are pleased to learn of the recovery of our friend, Mr. L T. Rankin, merchant, of Maple Creek. He has been very low for some time and his recovery was almost miraculous.

Cups and saucers, 5c up, at Robinson's.

It is reported that Sam. Hourie, son of Mr, P. Hourie, of Regina, and brother of the "man that captured Riel," has with a partner struck a gold claim near Revelstoke, for which they have refused $10,000. An expert advised them to hold for a higher price. —*Regina Leader.*

The trial of the Hyams brothers, of Toronto, who were charged with the murder of Willie Wells, came to a close on Saturday last, and resulted in the acquital of the twins. They were, however, re-arrested on the charge of conspiracy to defraud the insurance company in the case of Martha Wells. The prisoners will remain in jail until the matter is finally settled.

Speculation is rife as to the successor of Pope Leo of Rome. Contrary to general odinion, the doctors express the belief that he may live for some years yet. It is generally supposed that the College of Cardinals will elect the next Pope. His late illness which caused so much alarm, was only a bronchial cold contracted by rising in the middle of the night to write, without donning sufficient clothing.

Wagborn's Guide for December appears to-day with full details of the latest time tables of travel, ocean steamships, railways and winter rates of passage, etc., new Post Offices opened and mail stage route connections. Extended information is given of the railway, boat and stage service in the Kootenay district. The list of municipalities given with names of officials affords full information for tax payers

Try our 18 cent tea, T. W. Robinson.

Mr. Dave McIntosh, of Regina, was in town last week.

Mr. Geo. McGee, hardware merchant, of Estevan, has sold out to J. R. Stockwell.

Mr. Geo. Williams, rancher, of Old Wives Lake, left this week on a visit to St. Thomas, Ont.

Mr. C. D. J. Christie left on Thursday night for Rapid City, where he has accepted a lucrative position.

The bashful wooer seldom succeeds, and the merchant who woos the public shyly has a similar fate.—*Printer's Ink.*

School Inspector Hewgill, of Moosomin, who inspected the Moose Jaw schools last week, left on Tuesday morning for Maple Creek.

A monopoly is a good deal like a baby. A man is opposed to it on general principles till he has one of his own.—*Detroit Free Press.*

The members of the Select Degree, Royal Templars of Temperance, will hold their regular monthly communication on Wednesday evening next.

In Europe about 55,000,000 acres of barren land have already been made fruitful by irrigation; in India 25,000,000; in Egypt about 6,000,000, and in the United States about 4,000,000 acres.

Mr. Jas. Thompson left on Tuesday evening for Toronto, where he will undergo a surgical operation in one of the hospitals there. It is sincerely hoped that he will return in a few weeks much improved in health.

Rev. W. M. Rochester, M.A., pastor of St. Paul's Presbyterian church, Prince Albert, has decided to accept the call recently extended to him by a Toronto congregation. Mr. Rochester remains in Prince Albert for a few days yet.

Lord Salisbury is of the opinion "that the Terrible Armenian problem is quite as much the want of competent men as it is the want of adequate laws." And the same may be truly said of a good many other difficult problems.—*Canada Presbyterian.*

A novelty in advertising is shown in a Scotch church. The congregation could not pay its minister. To help them out of their dilemma a soap firm offered to pay $500 a year for five years on condition that its advertisement be hung up in front of the gallery in church. The offer was accepted.

The Regina hockey club has elected officers for the season as follows: Patron, His Honor the Lieut.-Governor; honorary president, Commissioner L. W. Herchmer; president, Walter Scott; vice-president, J. C. Pope; secretary-treasurer. A. E. Whitmore; executive committee, W. G. Benson, W. Jackson, S. Herchmer, T. H. Dumble, F. S. Pingle; Capt. M. McIntyre.

It is reported that President Cleveland has expressed his determination to not again seek re election as President. It was mainly to please his wife that he accepted nomination in 1892, though he never goes into a fight half-hearted, but works to win. This will be agreeable news to others who are ambitious in that direction, and no doubt the list of aspirants will be increased.

Assiniboia has been blessed with fine weather this fall. It is true we have had two or three cold spells, but they have been of short duration. With the exception of one or two days we have also been free from storms. As a consequence farmers have had a fine opportunity of marketing their grain, though many are not hauling owing to the exceptionally low price that is being paid.

Jerome K. Jerome has written a series of short stories for the *Ladies' Home Journal.* They will be published during the ensuing few months, under the caption of "Stories of the Town." Mr. Jerome portrays well-known types in these stories, the first of which he calls "Blase Billy." The series is interesting from the fact that it constitutes the first short stories that Mr. Jerome has ever written directly for an American periodical.

Owing to an alteration in the original plans, the building of the skating rink has been delayed a few days longer than was anticipated. It will, however, in all probability be completed this week. Posters will be distributed announcing the opening night, which will be free to all, and it is hoped that every citizen who can skate will turn out and thus show their appreciation of the efforts of the young sports to provide healthy winter pastime.

Sir Charles Tupper, High Commissioner for the Dominion of Canada in Great Britain, addressed the Tyneside Geographical Institute at Newcastle last week on the subject "Canada." His address was largely descriptive and statistical. He strongly advocated reciprocal trade between the British colonies and the mother country. Many articles, he said, that Great Britain imported from foreign countries could be supplied by Canada. He Contended that it was the duty of every Briton to promote between the colonies and Great Britain that connection which he believed was indispensible for their future progress and prosperity.

It is expected that His Grace Archbishop Langevin, of Winnipeg, will shortly visit Regina.

The annual meeting of the Regina Conservative Association is called for Friday next, Dec. 13th.

Mr. Wm. Horan, a farmer livihg near Perley, Assa., was frozen to death near Saltcoats a few days ago.

In Philadelphia, on Nov. 30th, H. H. Holmes, convicted of the murder of B. F. Pietzel, was sentenced to death by Judge Arnold. A new trial was refused.

Mr. F. Steele, of Steele & Co., photographers, leaves for Winnipeg to morrow evening, but will be back Thursday, Friday and Saturday of next week.

Lieut.-Governor Mackintosh did not visit Macleod as was reported in last weeks issue. He went on to Field, from whitch place he returned immediately to Regina.

If the party who took the "Tuxedo Reciter" from Russell Hall, on the day of the liberal Conservative Association meeting, will return the same to Mr Nelson he will forgive him his trespasses.

Among the first to take advantage of the C P.R. winter excursions to the east this year are Mrs. J. C. Hamilton and Miss May McDougall, who left on Monday last for Almonte and Montreal respectively.

The local branch of the Salvation Army will give a coffee supper in the Town Hall, on Wednesday evening next, Dec. 11th. Everybody is cordially invited to attend. An admission fee of 15 cents will be charged.

Mr. J. C. Birch, of Grand Forks, N.D., wishes to announce that he is prepared to give instruction on the piano, violin, cornet, etc, for the coming winter. Parties wishing to see him can do so by calling at Mrs. J. Thompson's, next door to Aberdeen House. Charges moderate.

The North-West Territories Gazette came to hand on Wednesday, and contains the appointments of C J. Macfarline, Esq., of Yorkton, to be Registration clerk for the Yorkton Division; and of L.P. O. Noel, Esq, of Battleford to be Sub-Recordar of Brands, vice Hugh Richardson, junior. The Gazette is now printed in English only, as it should be.

On Saturday last Louis Hansen was brought before Justice of the Peace Seymour Green, on the charge of common assault. He was found guilty and sentenced to forty days imprisonment in Regina jail. During the day he did considerable damage to Annable's livery stable, and while under arrest smashed the windows in the constable's room.

There is an old saying to the effect that Necessity is the mother of Invention. But it is not true; in reality Invention is the mother of Necessity. To-day a harvesting machine is an absolute necessity to every wheat grower; fifty years ago a cradle and a sickle enabled him to meet the demands of the market. Fifty years ago the tallow candle made light enough for the ordinary house; to day a much better light is a necessity. And it is the same way with all "labor saving machines:" some one has said that they are not labor-saving but labor making machines. There is a great deal of twaddle going the rounds about a "horseless age" upon which we are supposed to be entering because of the advent of the bicycle and the application of electricity to locomotion. The same alarm was raised upon the appearance of the steam engine, but what has been the result? Steam transportation has created a demand for horses such as the world could never have known under other circumstances. And it will be the same way with the more recent inventions for transportation. Man's noble friend, the horse, will not be pushed into obscurity for several generations yet, and the bicycle and electrical carriages will only bring to him a better appreciation. Farmers will soon find a market for good horses, at better prices than have prevailed for the past few years.

MARRIED.

SLATER—POWELL.—At the residence of the bride's sister, Mrs J. Gilmour, on Dec. 4th, 1895, by Rev. T. Ferrier, Ransom L. Slater to Florence A. Powell, both of Moose Jaw.

LYONS—HANS.—At the residence of the bride's father, Mr. Wm. Hans, Caron, on Dec. 4th, 1895, by Rev. T. Ferrier, Oscar G. Lyons to Annie R. Hans, both of Caron.

Awarded
Highest Honors—World's Fair.
DR. PRICE'S CREAM BAKING POWDER
MOST PERFECT MADE.
A pure Grape Cream of Tartar Powder. Free from Ammonia, Alum or any other adulterant.
40 YEARS THE STANDARD.

Mr. A. M. Fenwick, principal of the Moose Jaw High School, left on Sunday evening's train for Kingston, Ont., where he will Spend a few weeks visiting friends and relatives. Mr. Theo. G. Finn, of the Collegiate Department of the Portage la Prairie schools, will act as principal during Mr. Fenwick's absence.

According to the Regina *Leader* the following unique advertisement was found posted on a fence near Balgonie:—"Strayed from ——, November, 1895, a duroc jersey red pig, and any one that see's him and will take care of him i will pay them for their trubel if they will let me know or bring it to me, for he is a large size and a velubel one."

Rifle Club.

The last monthly meeting of the year was held in Vice President Nelson's office on Wednesday evening last, President Leary in the chair.

The executive committee reported the first annual dinner at the Brunswick Hotel, had been a grand success, and that all accounts in connection therewith, as well as all other accounts due by the club, had been fully paid. A peremptory order was issued that all rifles be forthwish returned to Mr. C. A. Gass, the secretary. The meeting concluded all the business of the Association for the season, save the consideration of the secretary and Treasurer's reports, which will be considered at a meeting to be held on Saturday evening, 14th inst.

Boharm Jottings.

BOHARM, Dec. 2, 1895.—Our town seems quite lively with grain shipping, notwithstanding the cold weather.

Messrs. Arnold and Elsom went to Regina with grist last week.

Mr. Walker Auger has moved to your town for the winter.

We understand the wedding bells will ring soon in the vicinity of Boharm and Caron. Go it Oscar! From all appearances there is a cold winter ahead of us.

The Rev. Mr. Robinson occupied the pulpit here last sabbath and announced that services will be held every two weeks during the winter.

Quite a number of our Boharmites attended the entertainment at Wesley church last Friday night.

We see the green cutter flying around these days, but it goes in the wrong direction.

Mrs. Richard Pascoe expects to go on an extended visit to her friends in Toronto.

RAMBLER.

Stoney Beach Items.

STONEY BEACH, Dec. 2, 1895.—Mr. Robert Porter has been ill for over a week with a bad cold. He has the sympathy of the whole community.

Wm. Hagerty, who came to the Moose Jaw district three months ago with the farmers' excursion party, has returned to his home in the east. He is much pleased with the country and declared his intention to return in the near future—and not alone.

Mr. Geo. Young, from north of the Beach, has moved in with Mr. Fleury at the Beach. Mr. Fleury informed us some time ago that he was going to get doubled up this fall, rain or shine. Now we understand he has got another bachelor to live with him. This sort of doubling up does not suit the requirements of this country, John.

W. J. Young, of Rocky Lake Coulee, left for the east on the 4th inst. Rumor has it that he will not return alone. We wish him good luck.

Albert Toms spent a few days at the Beach this week. We wonder if he got storm-staid. There are some pretty girls at the Beach!

Rev. Mr. McKechnie, of Lumsden, preached his farewell sermon here on Sunday last. Services will not now be held till the snow disappears.

On account of the rippling waters of Stoney Beach being frozen over, our Mayor has sanctioned an amendment to the by-law passed some time ago which reads a follows: Any young man found going to see his lady love, accompanied by his sister as interpreter, will be fined $50.00 and costs, and in default of payment thereof will be held in custody till the full extent of the law can be carried out.

Dundurn Murmurs.

DUNDURN, Nov. 29, 1895.—On Friday last our little school closed its first term with an examination, when the trustees and a few of the parents were present and from the creditable manner in which the children behaved and answered all questions put to them, showed how, with kindness, perseverance and a little trouble, our able teacher has advanced them far beyond all expectations of those interested. After the examination the children entertained those present from a well filled programme in which the greater part of them took part, some with songs and the rest with well chosen recitations. Our teacher showed great tact in the management and in placing the pupils to best advantage before those who visited the school.

In the evening the school was again filled almost to its full seating capacity when the following programme was carried out to the appreciation of all present, as was to be seen by the enthusiastic way the performers were applauded. The chair was taken at 8 o'clock by Mr. J. Mawson, who with a short and well chosen speech soon brought the house to order and started the entertainment:—

Reading, Mr. Wooldridge; recitation, "A Tramp's Story," A. Grime; song, "Dare Tread on the Tail of Me Coat," Ben Clark; chorus, "The Spanish Cavalier," Misses Tiffin, Blackley, Stevenson and Muir; recitation, "The Tramp's Life" Mrs. McCordick; duet, "Falling Twilight," Misses Blackley and Stevenson; reading, "The Disputed Case," Chas. E. Goode; song, Mrs. McCordick; recitation, "Is My Family Opposed to Matrimony," Jas Wilson; song, "The Belles of Tennessee," Miss Stevenson; song Wm. Tiffin; recitation, "Pat's Letter," Archie Wilson; song, "Abide Awee," Mrs. Frank Clark; "God Save the Queen."

M. J. MacLEOD

Fur Goods!
Fur Goods!

Special Drive in Fur Goods for the next ten days.

53 men's fur coats to choose from. 200 fur caps also a good variety of fur collars and gauntlets.

Now is the Time to Buy

your furs, as our assortment is complete and we mean to clear them all out. We only ask you to see our prices and the goods will sell themselves.

M. J. MacLEOD.

Ho! Here!

....FOR....

BARGAINS

Call at W. N. Mitchell's and examine his

$15.00

Made-to-order suits—regular price $25.00. Also a few heavy weight suitings I will offer at greatly reduced prices to clear before the season advances too far. Ask to see our

$24.00

Black Worsted suits and Black Stripe Pantings for $5.50.

: Overcoats :

Just fancy! No 1 Melton for

$20.00

perfect fit and good workmanship guaranteed in every case.

FURS.

A few nice collars and cuffs which must be sold out before X'mas. We take pleasure in showgoods.

W. N. Mitchell.



X'MAS BUYERS!

CALL and see our stock of Gold and Silver Jewelery and Novelties.

Watches.

Gold and Gold Filled, Silver and Nickle for $3.00 up.

A large assortment of Silverware: 1847 Roger Bros' knives and spoons; Sterling Silver Spoons from $7.00 to $12.00 per dozen. Coins engraved and made into brooches or pins; Wedding rings made to order.

J. U. MUNNS.

—NEW—

Harness Shop!

I beg to announce to the public of Moose Jaw and district, that I have opened up a harness shop in the building lately occupied by Mr. Seymour Green, where I am prepared to do all kinds of work on shortest notice, at the lowest possible prices for cash only.

J. GILMOUR.

R. E. Doran

Just arrived! A large stock of boots and shoes; also a large and well-assorted stock of gloves and mittens. We also carry the largest and best stock of harness and stable furnishings between Brandon and Calgary. We are selling at very low prices for cash only. Give us a call.

R. E. Doran.

Coal.

I wish to inform the public that I am prepared to deliver

CANADIAN ANTHRACITE COAL

(By all odds the best and most economical fuel on the market to-day) at the following

Low Prices: Furnace $9.25; Stove 9.25; Nut 7.00

All orders accompanied by cash will receive prompt attention.

R. H. NEELAND.

TELEPHONE NO. 29.

LOST!

Two cows, one dark red and one light red, both branded O on left hip and T 7 on right side; six years old. Strayed from Caron about 1st May. $10.00 reward is offered for information that will lead to recovery. J H DICKENSON, Moose Jaw

TEACHER WANTED

For Pioneer School District No. 113, holding second or first class professional certificate. School to commence Jan. 2nd, 1896. Applications stating qualifications and salary will be received until Dec. 15th, 1895. ALEX. WILSON, Sec.-Treas., Box 74, Moose Jaw P.O. 22 24.

Sheriff's Sale.

In the Supreme Court of the North-West Territories, Judicial District of Western Assiniboia.

TO WIT:

By virtue of certain Writs of Execution issued out of the Supreme Court of the North-West Territories, Judicial District of Western Assiniboia, at the suit of Massey-Harris Company, Limited, and E. A. Baker and Company, Plaintiffs, and James McClelland, Defendant, and to me directed against the lands of James McClelland. I have seized and taken into Execution the following lands, namely:

The south west quarter of Section 12, Township 17, Range 28, west of the second Meridian in the Provisional District of Assiniboia in the North-West Territories, which I will offer for Sale on Saturday, the 21st day of December, 1895, at the Deputy Sheriff's office, Moose Jaw, N.W.T., at the hour of two o'clock, afternoon. Terms Cash.

ALEX. BRECHIN,
Deputy Sheriff.

Deputy Sheriff's office, Moose Jaw, Assiniboia
September 17th, 1895.